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# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

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THE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 28, 1899

# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1899

WITH EXTRA EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT  
"From London to the Front"

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The band of the Scots Guards left Chelsea barracks as early as a quarter to six, and marched to Waterloo Bridge over Westminster Bridge. A dense crowd followed them, cheering lustily all the way. On the route the men were greeted with the wildest enthusiasm, and when the bridge was reached they appeared to be wedged tightly in the centre of a moving mass of people.

SEEING THE GUARDS OFF: CROSSING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.



# Topics of the Week

**Our Defence in South Africa**

IN order to appreciate fully the military position in South Africa, it is necessary that we should curb our natural desire to see our forces sweep the enemy like chaff before the wind, and remember that our armies are inferior in numbers to those of the Boers, and that, consequently, we are for the moment condemned to pursue tactics of an exclusively defensive nature. If, when we see the opportunity, we are enabled to turn our defence into a successful offence, we may congratulate ourselves on having accomplished more than could be legitimately expected of us. Regarded from this point of view we have so far done exceedingly well. We have lost a little ground, but nowhere have we lost a battle, while on the other hand we have inflicted several severe checks on the enemy, and in Natal we have completely defeated the first object of General Joubert's strategy. Of the exact nature of that object there can be no doubt. Our forces in Natal were divided into two bodies. At Ladysmith the main army was concentrated under General White, while at Glencoe, some forty miles northward on the railway, a smaller body, consisting of about 4,000 men under General Symons, was stationed. The idea of the Boers, conceived even before the declaration of war, was to cut off the force under General Symons and to annihilate it by a simultaneous attack from the north and east. General White was to have been held at bay at a point on the railway north of Ladysmith. How carefully this plan was laid may be gathered from the fact that a portion of the force destined to bar the railway against General White's advance was sent from Volksrust under Colonel Schiel into the Free State before President Kruger's Ultimatum was addressed to the High Commissioner. This force was intended to advance through the passes, join another force coming from the north under Generals Viljoen and Kock and seize the railway at Elands Laagte. While this operation was in progress General Lucas Meyer on the east, and General Erasmus advancing from Hatten Spruit on the north, were to have fallen simultaneously on the British at Glencoe and Dundee. The plan broke down largely owing to its faulty execution. Meyer attacked in due course, but he was not assisted by Erasmus, and consequently he was disastrously routed. Schiel, Viljoen, and Kock appeared at Elands Laagte, but they also were defeated. None the less, owing to the numerical superiority of the Boers the British at Glencoe still were in danger of being overwhelmed, and consequently a retreat southward became necessary. This retreat was admirably executed by General Yule, although he seems to have been closely followed by the enemy, who, at the last moment, vainly tried to march a force between him and General White. The latter, however, held this force at bay while General Yule, marching along the Helpmakaar Road, succeeded on Tuesday in taking shelter with the main British Army at Ladysmith. The net result of these operations is that while on the one hand we have been compelled to abandon Glencoe and Dundee and the whole of the railway north of Ladysmith, we have succeeded in concentrating our forces, and have at the same time inflicted a series of demoralising defeats on the enemy, in which they have lost several of their best Generals, a number of guns and an unnumbered crowd of rank and file. Our own loss has not been inconsiderable, but our defence has been a successful one. On the western frontier of the Transvaal the operations have followed a similar course, though on a less ambitious scale. We have abandoned Vryburg, but at Mafeking and Kimberley our defence has been eminently successful, and the Boers, although closely investing those towns, have lost heavily. There is no reason to fear that this situation will be sensibly modified pending the arrival of General Buller with the large reinforcements now on the seas. Our forces in South Africa are everywhere outnumbered, but in strategy, gallantry and confidence they are fully equal to the task devolving upon them.

## For Those Left Behind

THE QUEEN'S touching messages to her victorious troops in South Africa happily synchronise with the humane endeavour of the Duke of Cambridge to provide for the necessities of those bereaved of their breadwinners by this cruel war. His Royal Highness had but to speak the word to ensure that Her Majesty's tender solicitude would find national response in practical shape. The Mansion House subscription list was no sooner opened than handsome sums were paid in, although many of the donors had just given liberally to the Refugees' Relief Fund. But however large may be the total amount of this Patriotic Fund, there seems only too much likelihood that every farthing will be required if the scheme of relief is to be carried out in its entirety on a generous scale. It includes in its scope almost all sufferers from casualties during the campaign, whether the soldiers themselves or those dependent upon them for a living. We may hope that even wives "off the strength" and their families will receive sympathetic consideration; that would, it is true, largely add to the amount required, but the nation would be profoundly disappointed if these unfortunate women and their children were ungenerously treated. Happily, the ex-Commander-in-Chief is by no means the man to permit the ligatures of red

tape and routine to cripple any action of his on behalf of distressed humanity. The public may subscribe, therefore, in full confidence that justice tempered by kindness will be rendered to every sufferer, wholly irrespective of official differentiation between legitimate and illegitimate claims.

**The Sinews of War**

IF Sir M. Hicks-Beach ever entertained the idea of providing for the cost of the war by increasing taxation, it can only be said that, in his case, "second thoughts were best." It may well be doubted, however, by the light of his own utterance last Monday, whether he was ever possessed by that intention. He marshalled quite a number of convincing arguments against increasing taxation, whether direct or indirect, in the second half of the financial year, and it is hard to believe that these objections did not occur to such an intelligent mind from the first. At all events, there is no sort of question that the nation, with scarcely an exception, highly approves of his adding the amount required to the outstanding floating debt by the issue of Treasury bills. This method presents many advantages; it produces the minimum of embarrassment in the money market, it does not harass trade, it leaves the Sinking Fund in full operation, and it renders unnecessary any creation of Consols. Moreover, until the war ends, it will be impossible to estimate the proportion of its cost which the British taxpayer will have to contribute. A heavy war indemnity will be exacted, it is a safe assumption, from each of the Republics for forcing us to resort to hostilities, and as they will have no occasion to maintain costly armaments after the rehabilitation of the *Pax Britannica* in South Africa, they should be able gradually to pay off an indemnity claim out of the savings produced by retrenchment of military expenditure.

# The Court

THE absorbing interest of our South African Campaign is felt as keenly by our Royal House as throughout the nation. Queen and Princes have been speeding the parting soldiers with warm sympathy and kindly words of farewell and encouragement. Her Majesty taking the opportunity to bid good-bye personally to the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, who had been her guard of honour at Ballater. The Queen drove over from Balmoral to the Ballater barracks, bringing with her Prince and Princess Francis Joseph of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice. The soldiers were drawn up opposite the entrance gate, and gave a Royal salute on the arrival of the Queen, who drove slowly along the ranks. Then the Highlanders marched twice past the carriage, and formed up afresh to hear Her Majesty's brief speech wishing them God-speed. The officers were then introduced to the Queen, and the men gave three hearty cheers as the Royal party drove away. Her Majesty's message to the Secretary of State for War, expressing her sympathy with the relations of the fallen and wounded in the battles round Glencoe, is another of those heartfelt demonstrations which link the Sovereign to her people, while the Queen also sent a special message to the Scots Guards, whom the Duke of Connaught inspected at Chelsea Barracks before their departure. Thick fog did not prevent the Duchess and daughters from accompanying the Duke to the parade ground, where the inspection was carried through in semi-darkness. The Duke and Duchess had only arrived from Scotland a few hours before, travelling all night, and they met with the warmest reception. So keen a soldier as the Duke of Connaught naturally made the most critical inspection in detail, often questioning the men as he walked down the ranks. Finally, he made a most inspiring speech to the regiment. Nor did the Duke's interest end here, for he went down to Southampton on purpose to see the Scots Guards off, paying quite a surprise visit. He arrived on the quay just as the *Nubia* was leaving her moorings, and when he had followed the vessel to the end of the extension the Duke raised his cap and called for "Three cheers for the Scots Guards." The response was given with wild enthusiasm, and counter-cheers came just as lustily from the departing soldiers as they crowded the deck and hung on the rigging.

Another fortnight will see the Court once more back in Windsor, the departure from Balmoral being fixed for November 10. Now the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria have been the Queen's latest visitors, coming for a few days on leaving Mar Lodge.

The Sandringham house party assembles next week, when most of the Princes and Princesses who have been staying at Mar Lodge will meet again in the Prince of Wales's Norfolk home. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark were the first to leave Mar Lodge for town, followed by the Tsarevitch Michael, while the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria went to Balmoral on their way home. The Prince of Wales came back to town from Dorsetshire on Saturday, having enjoyed excellent sport with Lord Wolverton. On the last day of his stay he shot over Bere Down Warren and Park, when the bag included nearly 1,000 pheasants, over 800 rabbits, and numerous partridges and wild ducks. Coming back to town, the Prince stopped at Shaftesbury to receive an address, the streets being gaily decorated in his honour. On Monday he received ex-President Harris of the United States, and went to the theatre in the evening with Prince and Princess Charles.

The German Emperor will stay at Windsor from Monday, November 20, to the following Saturday when he comes over next month.

The Orleans wedding next week will be a simpler affair than originally intended. The Duc d'Orleans had planned a big gathering of friends and adherents, but recent events in France have somewhat disorganised the arrangements of the Royalist party, so the idea has been stopped. However, as many of the Orleans family as can come over will be present, including the octogenarian Prince de Joinville, grandfather of the bridegroom. The contract is to be signed at York House, Twickenham, on Sunday night, and the wedding ceremony will take place next morning at the Roman Catholic Church, Kingston-on-Thames. A reception will follow at York House, the Duc d'Orleans doing the honours.

# The War Session

By HENRY W. LUCY

THE Queen's Speech, as everyone knows, adjournment of the sittings—as distinct from the business of the War Session was accomplished. The difference will seem to be akin to that which, in Tweedledum from Tweedledee. Really it has bearing on the business of the House of Commons originally intended, the sittings of Parliament were instead of the conclusion of the matter being the ceremonial for Prorogation, it would not be another Queen's Speech to be put forward when the in February. Being no speech from the Throne, Address in reply to that gracious message. Debate on the Address, there would be no chance. Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, Dr. Clark, and others speeches on miscellaneous topics addressed to the song no supper is a penal arrangement which, lying principle of justice, has gained acceptance. No Address no speeches is a sequence from a member recoils in honest indignation.

The question was raised soon after the House was fortified by precedents, and at first showed a yield to clamour. On further consideration he decided that the game was not worth the candle in playing it out to the end. What would be a steadfast would be that private members would keep till February. As far as waste of public time the matter would probably prove as broad as it was long. Accordingly he, with the easy grace and charm of manner, yielded to the Opposition, and Parliament was prorogued.

The consequence of this concession has appeared in the rapidly with which business has gone forward. Each day has seen accomplished its appointed work. Towards the end of the session more than sufficient for the work assigned. Even on Monday, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in his War Budget, it was all over before eight o'clock. To this end the attitude assumed by the Leader of the Opposition has materially contributed. As he observed, with British forces in the field of battle, odds, events are of much more interest and importance than work. Patriotic citizens will, at such a juncture, refrain from unduly distracting the Government, distracting their attention and weakening their hands in the fight with the invader of British Colonies. For once in a way the Opposition have followed their leader, and public business has gone forward with steady strides.

The Irish members have done their best to introduce a note of discord into the proceedings. The effort has been as futile as it was grotesque. Determined and systematic obstruction, as practised under the command of Mr. Parnell, was a serious matter. Obstruction in the hands of gentlemen of the calibre of Mr. W. Redmond and Mr. Parnell O'Brien, makes the procedure a tiresome task. Much more serious in its practical effects upon the course of a sitting are the habits of Mr. John Dillon. He, an able Parliamentary hand, and in a social position, cast in dissent from his friends on the Bench behind, is careful to keep the range of penal consequences. All the same, when he is on his feet, members, with despairing sigh, recognise the certainty that at least an hour, more than the eighth part of the whole day, of a night's debate, will be appropriated.

On the whole, Mr. W. Redmond and Mr. Parnell O'Brien are more economical in their filing for private use, and might be devoted to public services. Including the fact that they are to themselves on the question whether they should be suspended, the process does not occupy more than a few minutes after which they are disposed of for at least a few minutes. Mr. Dillon, on the contrary, having made a speech of half an hour before dinner, may (and sometimes does) occupy the session between half-past nine and the adjournment of the House.

Where the two travesties of the noble art of reporting in the bare summary of Parliament are identical in the point of dreariness. A reporting in the bare summary of Parliament is an attractive heading "A Scene," implies that stirring action in the House on the preceding day. In fact, nothing was more prosaic than the proceedings. The rival performances of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Parnell O'Brien, the keynote was struck by the individuality of each, to whom Providence has denied that sense of humour which endear their countrymen to the world. The sense of this fact was at the bottom of a rather amusing speech by Mr. Redmond made about Providence in the course of the War Budget. "If," he said, "the Boer British arms I can never again have the same sense of Providence which I have hitherto had." It was funny, deliciously funny. But the humour was unconscious.

The business of the Session really closed off. The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained the sanction of the Budget proposals. There was in the circumstances successive divisions, challenged by the Irish members in the presence of over 360 members. They were anxious to learn how the ten millions already appropriated for the purposes is to be raised. Would the income-tax be increased? Would the beer vat be tapped? Would the tobacco tax be increased? A sigh of relief went round the benches when Mr. Hicks-Beach's brief business-like statement made it clear that in addition to the three millions, the unexpected sum of £1,000,000, will be raised by loan. The prospect clearly was, Boer, having insisted on war, would be called upon to share of the burden, crowned the gratification. Members went off to complete their preparations for the town. All was over save the ordered process of the Bill, and the barren ceremony of the Prorogation.



## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

WHEN the vessel was to be hanged, the rope broke at the first attempt to carry out the sentence. Regaining his feet he exclaimed: "This is a bad country, where they do not even know how to hang!" In all accounts the Poers have for long entertained a very poor opinion of the English, but the early and rapid victories gained by the Poers will not enable them to accuse us of bungling on the field.

The speech delivered by Mr. Arthur Balfour last week on the question of the treasonable utterances of Irish members of Parliament has added immeasurably to his reputation. It delighted every section of the House. That the speech may have been prepared as a masterpiece, two interpolations, and admirably included them. On the whole it is admitted to have been one of the most remarkable performances on record in connection with the give and take of Parliamentary warfare, and it settled in a few seconds a matter which would have been less delicately handled, might have led to very deplorable results.

It is known that Mr. Cunningham Green owes his appointment to Victoria to what to his fortunate star, and, moreover, that he was somewhat inclined to accept the offer. That he has had to endure a very trying ordeal is obvious, but his mission is now ended, and his reward will not be long before it comes. In all probability, either before or after the Birthday Honours list is published on New Year's Day, he will be awarded a K.C.M.G. or a K.C.B., as the Queen will include his name in the list which has been mentioned. Naturally the friends of Mr. Green will hope that the K.C.B. will fall to his lot, for the K.C.M.G. is amongst the pot-hooks and hangers of slightly less distinguished and other distinctions.

It may be, however, should the war be prolonged beyond the New Year, that a special list of honours will be published at the termination of hostilities. In that case, Mr. Green and Sir Alfred Milner will be decorated when that list appears. It is difficult to predict what particular honour will be conferred upon Sir Alfred Milner. The creation of new peerages is much governed by the financial position of the individual. It is obviously bad policy to confer a peerage on one whose means are not of sufficient magnitude to enable him to uphold with dignity the position. The Queen has almost always insisted on that point.

Those who have the best means of obtaining information on the matter, insist that the war will cost the country fully twenty-five millions of money. At the time of writing that seems to be an altogether exaggerated estimate, for the series of rapidly delivered reverses which the Boers have suffered should tend to shorten the campaign. The events which have occurred in Natal during the last few days were so unexpected that they should—if nothing happens to balance their effect—considerably modify the estimate formed even by the most sanguine Government official.

Lord Wolseley has triumphed. Until the middle of last week even officers of high rank and much experience were accusing the War Office of neglect, short-sightedness, and mismanagement. War Office officials in conversation defended the Department, but not very vigorously, evidently trusting to events to demonstrate how unjust were the accusations. Events have proved that with scarcely a hitch the War Office has been able to despatch the largest army which has been sent over the seas in modern times. Lord Wolseley is the best-abused man in the Army, and even civilians frequently criticise him harshly. It is to be hoped that the torrent of abuse will now be turned, and that praise will be given to him that has earned it.

In times of general excitement all kinds of reports are distributed and spread with astonishing rapidity. It is now said that one Anglo-German war will be richer by the war—if it is successful—to the extent of thirty millions of money. It is difficult to see how this is to be accomplished. No doubt the shares in South African ventures will rise enormously in value, and the market will be dexterously manipulated to squeeze whatever gold can be extracted. But thirty millions is a large amount to fall to the lot of one manipulator.

According to the "Dictionary of Dates," the edition published in 1889, it is computed that six billions eight hundred and sixty millions of men have perished on the battlefield since history has kept a record of the fights of mankind. The reader will find that estimate in the item of "War." It is astounding. Also it would be curious to learn by what process the figures have been arrived at.

The paragraph which precedes the last offers an opportunity for suggesting a series of writers who are in search of one. It might be entitled "The Fortunes of the Century," and would be timed appropriately, for we are about to sum up the events and characteristics of the nineteenth century in preparation to turning into the twentieth. There are the Rothschilds—a financial house which is supposed to divide a hundred millions between its members—the late Lord Hirsch, Vanderbilt, Astor, Rockefeller, Lord Brough, the Duke of Westminster, and a multitude of others.

The late Mr. Charles Villiers, who was the Father of the House of Commons, had a very interesting life. He died at a very great age in full possession of his faculties. He had met almost every celebrity of the century, and had been more behind the scenes in political, social, and literary life than the majority of men, even in his position, he had the chance of being. It is known to any who have read his memoirs which will be published in the future dealing with the men and events of his time?

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## CRYSTAL PALACE.

SATURDAY CONCERTS, 3.30 p.m. (Conductor, Mr. August Manns). November 4, Vocalist—Miss Lillian Blauvelt; Pianist—Mons. Busoni, etc. PROMENADE CONCERTS, Every Saturday, at 8.30 p.m. BALLAD CONCERTS, Every Monday, at 8.30 p.m. FIREWORKS, Every Thursday, at 8.0 p.m. CAFE CHANTANT, 4.0 and 8.0 daily. Miss Kate Vaughan and Star Company, Monday, October 30, and Every Afternoon, at 2.30 (excepting Tuesdays). New Farical Comedy, "The Radical Candidate." Mr. Harry Paulton and Company. ONE SHILLING.

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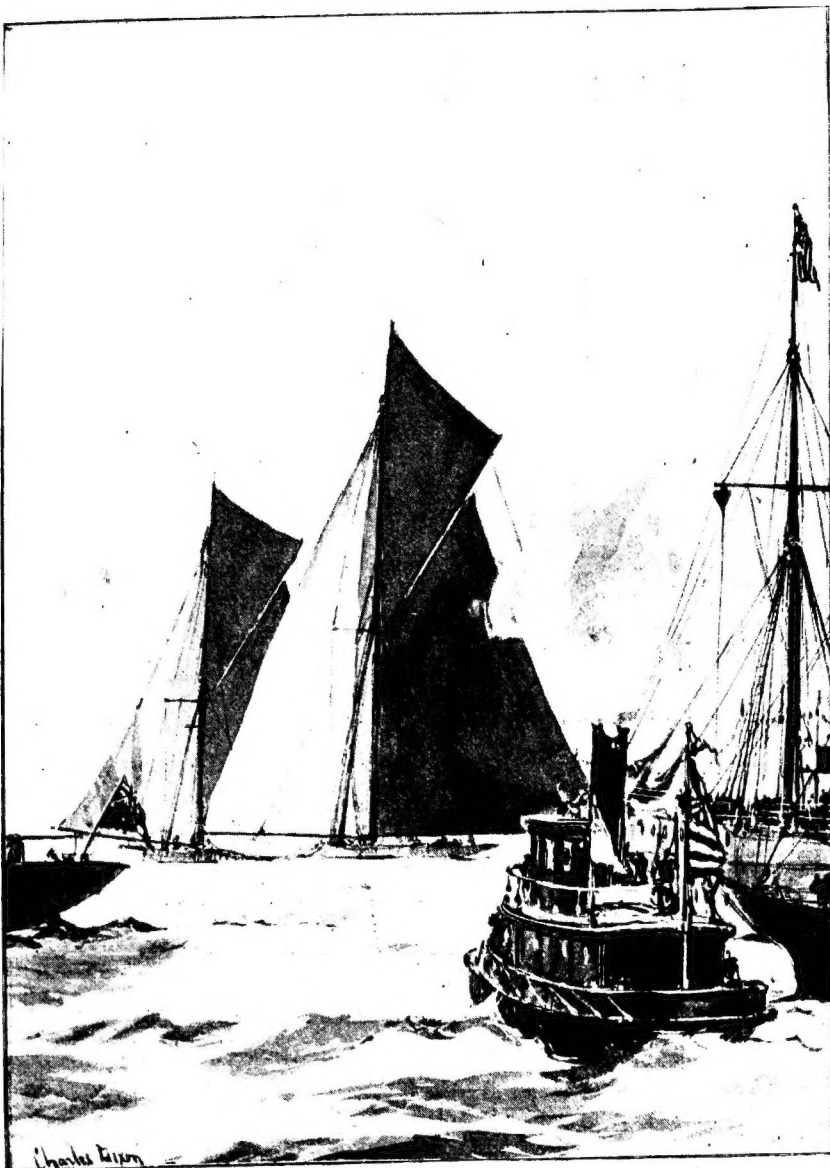
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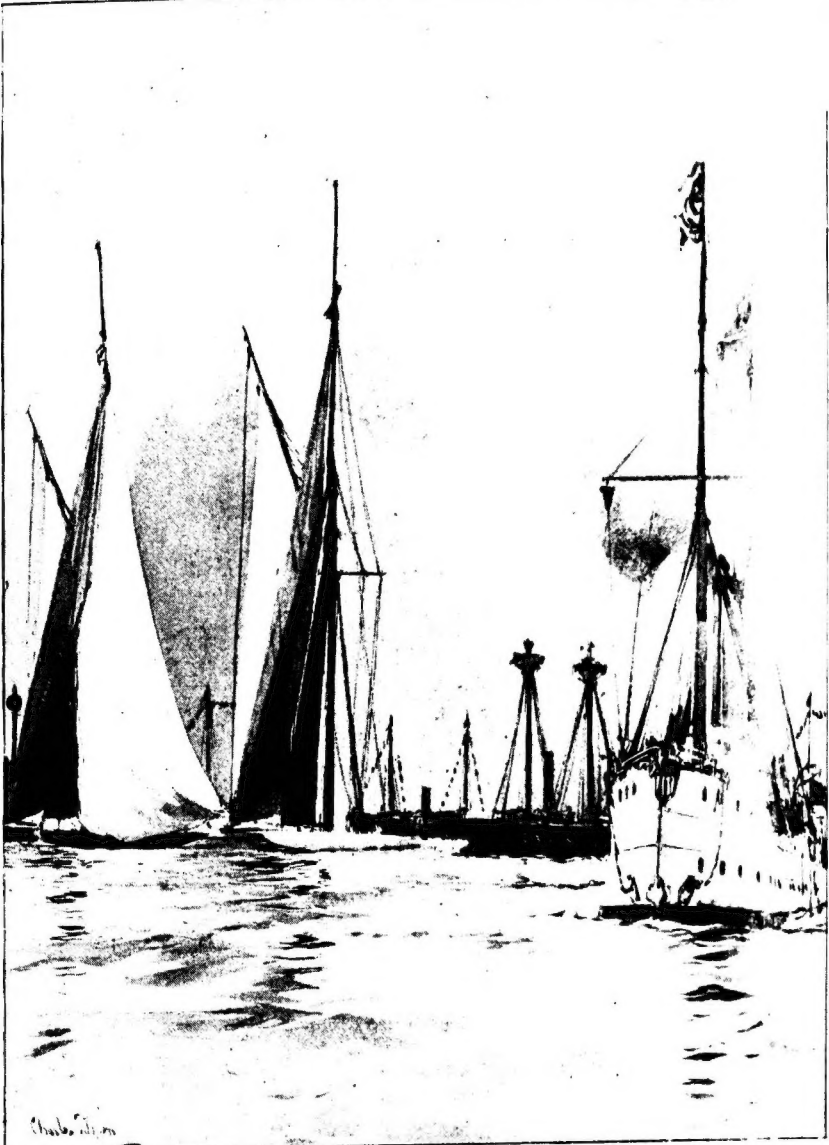
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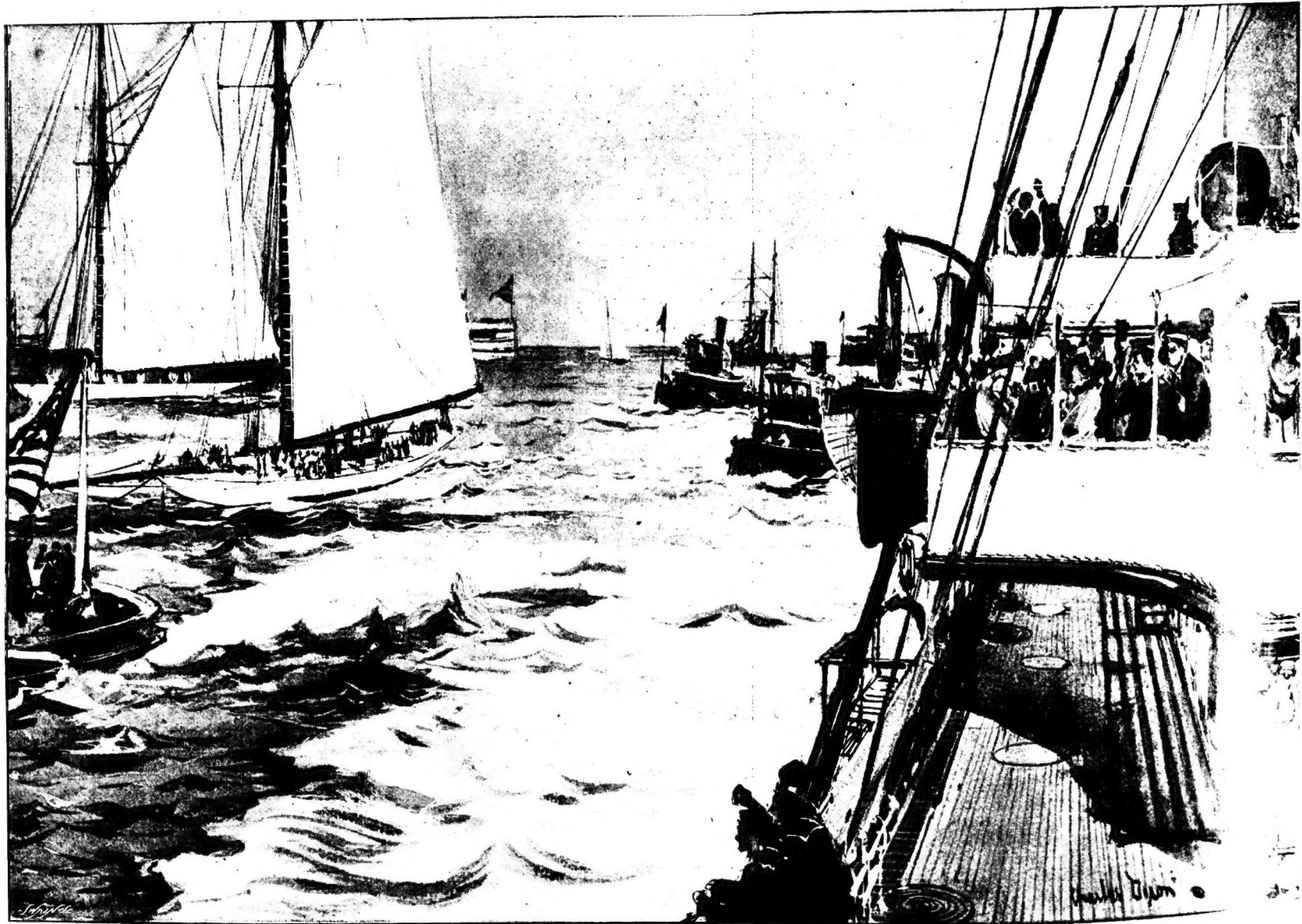
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THE START FOR THE FIRST ATTEMPT AT A RACE, OCTOBER 3



THE START FOR THE SECOND ATTEMPT AT A RACE, OCTOBER 5



Shamrock

Columbia

ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "ERIN": THREE CHEERS FOR THE "COLUMBIA"  
THE CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP: SKETCHES AT THE UNDECIDED RACES

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON



## "place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

NEVER has there been such an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm as now pervades England. Women are naturally deeply concerned in all that pertains to the war in South Africa, the preparations for which are taken to be the biggest since the Crimean War. At Aldershot there is a buzz of excitement, women taking a liberal part in it, seeing their husbands off, attending to their wants, and cheerfully waiting for their farewells, while fighting against their grief. The 12th Lancers were paraded and inspected previous to departure, and Lady Airhe, who is the keenest of soldiers, rode about with the ranks, anxiously observing the men in their war kit. The 10th Hussars fortunately have recovered from scarlet fever, and are anxiously awaiting a move, while the Guards had a wonderful season. Volunteering has been so general that even newly married men have left their young wives to go to the front. The Duke of Teck's son, Lord Winchester, Lord Edward Cecil, Lord Crichton, are going. The Duke of Buccleugh, Lord Longford, the Duke of Portland, Lord Roberts, and the Prime Minister himself,

wonderful bond of union meanwhile seems to have sprung up between all classes, and Mary Jane, the housemaid, who has a brother serving as a private, finds quite a new note of sympathy in her mistress's voice, now that her lady's husband has gone to the wars. The joy that was felt at the news of our splendid victories has been, however, considerably damped by the numerous casualties, especially among officers. Women are divided between pride at their dear one's heroism and dash, and sorrow for their loss. Every one's sympathy has gone out to Lady Symons, whose best comfort lies in the deep and heartfelt grief experienced by all ranks at the announcement of his mortal wound. Lord Roberts's nephew, Colonel Sherston, is also much regretted.

A rather amusing child's story reaches me from a friend. It seems that her tiny girl was fond of playing with a good-looking young footman, who amused her by going down on his hands and knees and personating a bear ready to bite her legs. After a day or two of this game the child spontaneously added the following clause to her prayers, "And pray God bless Edward, the bear who bites my legs."

A very heterogeneous mixture of nationalities sometimes reigns in foreign Embassies. On one occasion at Constantinople the

Women have taken a great share in exhibiting at the agricultural shows. The Queen, of course, has long been a prize-winner, but now Lady Rothschild, Lady Henry Bentinck, the Duchess of Newcastle, Lily Duchess of Marlborough, and many others are entering and showing cows, poultry, and other animals. The Princess of Wales was contented to put the modest sum of 7*l.* as the value of her pretty little bantams, while Lady Alington preferred the fancy price of 55*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.* Dogs have always been a hobby of ladies, who especially go in for the pet varieties—the poodles, the Japanese, and Chinese dogs, and the rather absurdly grotesque little griffons. In breeding and rearing animals an immense amount of care and patience is required, and it is also a pastime which requires leisure and money. Dog fanciers sometimes become almost eccentric in their craze for their pets. One lady of my acquaintance has three large dogs and two little ones always in her room, and never grudges her darlings the annoyance they cause by waking her during her slumbers. In fact, the tenderness and sweetness of temper displayed by some women towards their dogs had almost better have been lavished on human beings, for whom they seem to possess less affection.

Quite an exceptional honour has been conferred on Miss Faraday, B.A., who has been elected a member of the Icelandic Society of



PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGÉNIE  
Born October 24, 1887

PRINCE ALEXANDER  
Born November 23, 1886

PRINCE MAURICE  
Born October 3, 1891

PRINCE LEOPOLD  
Born May 21, 1899

### THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG AND HER CHILDREN

From a Photograph by Chancellor and Son, Dublin

have sons or brothers in the Army. In short the very clubs of London are depopulated by the absence of young men.

The ex-Empress of France takes an almost agonising concern in a campaign that vividly recalls her own great loss, and recently presented to her son, the late General Smythe, with some of the medals belonging to her son, the late Prince Imperial, and also with a handsome new sword, belt and pistol.

Conversation in the circles centres almost entirely on military matters, and every departure creates the deepest sympathy. Major Lamb, a lieutenant of our English Ambassador in Rome, the Rifle Brigade, this week. He is a remarkably good looking man, tall and dark, and on one occasion was said to be the handsomest officer at Her Majesty's State Ball.

A few ladies are sent to the Cape to be near their husbands in case of emergency. The majority, of course, are forced to stay at home, and bear as best they can the agonies of suspense. A

personnel consisted of a Hungarian cook, an Italian valet, an Irish housemaid, another housemaid a Greek, whose name was Melpomene, an English butler, a Swiss outside porter, a Montenegrin inside porter, a Roumanian washerwoman, an Armenian lady's maid, some Turkish Kavasses, a couple of Cypriot underlings, and a French nurse. Yet all this extraordinary medley of nationalities lived together in perfect amity. On one occasion Lady Currie travelled with a retinue composed of an Armenian maid, a French cook, a Scotch footman, a Dutch child, a Swiss nurse, two Japanese spaniels, and four Chinese pug dogs.

The artists' studies of the symbolic designs for the *Daily Chronicle* address to Madame Dreyfus have been most appropriately prepared by the Guild of Women Binders at 61, Charing Cross Road. The designs are by Miss Jessie Wilson, the colouring and illuminating by Mrs. Frank Kerslake, and the binding designed and executed by Mrs. Macdonald. The whole thing is most artistically conceived, and does the greatest credit to the ladies employed, design, execution, and binding being all excellent of their kind. It is pleasant to be able to speak favourably of such women's work.

Copenhagen. Only two other English members have been chosen, Lord Dufferin and Mr. Craigie, of the new English Dictionary. Miss Faraday graduated at Owen's College, Manchester, and is a lecturer in Philology at the Manchester High School for Girls.

A thoroughly Highland entertainment is announced to take place in Glasgow on November 2, in aid of the funds for the teaching of Gaelic in the Highlands, where the Celtic language is gradually dying out. The Marquis of Graham who, though very young, is an excellent speaker, and displays the deepest interest in all that concerns his country, will take the chair. Miss MacLachlan has promised to sing weird northern chants to accompaniments played by herself on a Celtic harp, while pipers, highland dances, and the Lochaber sword dance will be performed to the light of flaming torches. The scene promises to be exceedingly quaint and picturesque. It is a great pity that everywhere the old customs are threatened with extinction. The kilt is rarely seen, except on the private retainers of Highland chiefs, or on Her Majesty's servants. The pipes have become a profession rather than an amusement, and English is now the universal language.

# The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It is a pity that the tasteful decorations of the Nelson Monument on Trafalgar Day in Trafalgar Square were obscured by the first serious fog of the season, that the immense pains taken by the Navy League and others concerned should have been discounted by the perpetual and depressing mist which hung about the square, more or less—generally more—all day long, and considerably dimmed the brilliancy of the illuminations in the evening. On Monday, the weather was somewhat clearer, but even then the atmosphere was scarcely in a state to do full justice to the splendour of the exhibition. This leads one to ask if it is imperative that the commemoration of the death of Nelson and the victory of Trafalgar should be celebrated on October 21? We know it is the anniversary—but why is it absolutely necessary that the glorification should occur on the anniversary of the event? London is always liable to fogs at this time of year. Why should not the Nelson Festival take place in the summer, when every one could see it and enjoy it? This is a suggestion worth thinking of. For similar reasons the Lord Mayor's Show should be postponed till July. On the Ninth of November the weather is invariably gloomy and sometimes as black as night—if I recollect rightly, one of the most amusing of Mr. George Grossmith's musical sketches was entitled "The Lord Mayor's Show in a Fog"—but in July every one would be charmed with the pageant. He who has the courage to put off the Show till the summer, and at the same time revive and amplify the glories of the old water-procession on the Thames, will make one of the greatest Lord Mayoral successes of modern times.

If I had the making of the laws of the land, I would speedily enact some startling improvements. Among them would be two special ones. The first would be that every printed document, whether it be a book, a periodical, a playbill, a poster, or a catalogue, should bear a date. The second would be that every house should be numbered in large, plain figures—a foot high at least. I would make the infraction of these laws a criminal offence. If you look into these matters you will find the number of printed documents issued nowadays without dates is something appalling, and if you happen to wander in search of a particular house in a strange neighbourhood you will discover many of the

houses are without numbers, and more with the numerals so dim and insignificant that you cannot read them. I would also make it a criminal offence to re-number a street. Often antiquarian details and historical associations are altogether lost sight of by the idiotic and utterly useless practice of substituting new numbers for old ones.

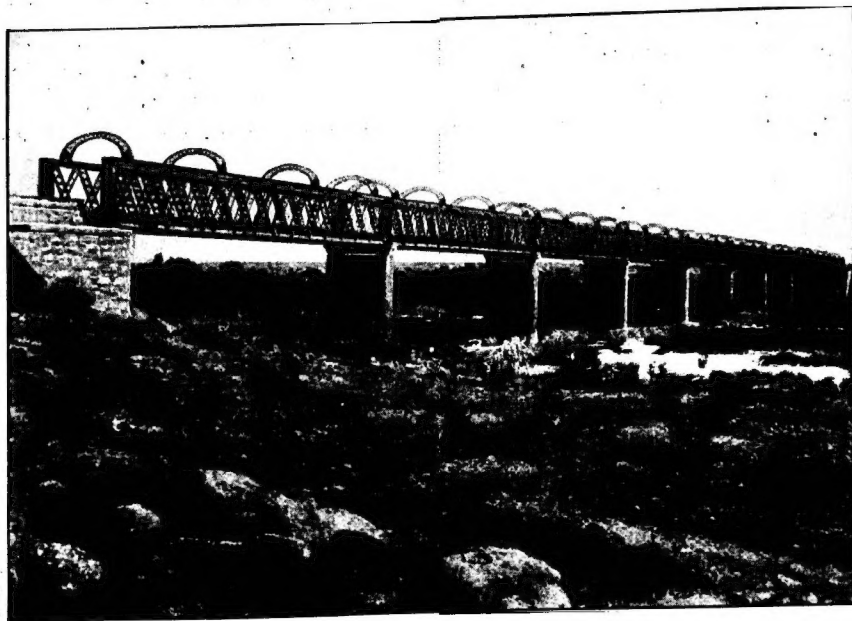
It is more than half a century ago that Peter Cunningham wrote in the preface to the first edition of his invaluable "Handbook of London," concerning the records of the parishes of Saint Martin-in-the-Fields and Saint Paul's, Covent Garden. He said "In no parish repositories to which I have obtained access have I succeeded in finding a series of papers so complete and so important

holder "from the levying of the first poor law rate in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to the present time." This interesting publication will be edited by Mr. John V. Kitto, to whom the parish is already indebted for valuable and learned papers on the history of Saint Martin-in-the-Fields, which have appeared in the *Graphic*.

The story told in *Truth* the other day with regard to people obtaining some of the best seats in the choir of Westminster Cathedral at the Sunday morning service in the Festival week, by an unauthorised presentation of the Dean's card, calls attention to the fact of the general misuse of visiting cards. No one, unless he has made it a special business to inquire into this matter, has any idea of the extent of this evil. The amount of mischief, including and disaster caused by these simple bits of pasteboard getting into unprincipled hands, is something enormous. It would be a great benefit if somebody could discover a plan by which a card could be cancelled when its legitimate mission had been accomplished. Meantime, it would be better for everybody to refrain from using the visiting card as an introduction or authority.

The wearing of gaiters and what the Americans have called "dual garmenture" for ladies is not such a modern innovation as many would suppose. In *La Belle Assemblée*—a leading fashion magazine of its time—for September, 1828, may be read: "The pelisses worn in the morning walks are of white jaconet muslin, trimmed at the border with a double flounce, about two inches each in breadth; these are fluted full. This costume, with which is generally worn matching pantaloons and gaiters, is chiefly adopted for walking in the grounds and gardens of the wealthy country residence." The ladies of those days evidently had not the courage of Mrs. Bloomer, who bloomed in the public streets some three and twenty years afterwards, and it seems to me that this lady who was only the other day glorified by her modern apostles and admirers can scarcely have the credit of having originated the costume which is so constantly associated with her name.

The fogs that we have recently experienced have been of a peculiarly trying nature. Though they have not been sufficiently black or yellow to constitute what is known as a "London particular," their effects have been absolutely poisonous. They get down your throat and make you as hoarse as a raven, they make your eyes tingle and cause you to weep copiously, they give you rheumatic pains, they get into your head and make you feel sillier than usual, they irritate your nose and give you interminable fits of sneezing, and bring about an extraordinary depression of spirits. Now can anybody suggest a plan for the extinction of the fog? Science is very good at inventing something that ruins a good many people and makes others uncomfortable, but it appears to be quite helpless when called upon to do anything so philanthropic as the annihilation of the London fog.



Fourteen Streams is one of the points at which the railway crosses the River Vaal, and is situated between Vryburg and Kimberley, just below the twenty-eighth parallel. Fourteen Streams is a busy forwarding centre, with a Customs House. The bridge was blown up by the Boers last week. Our illustration is from a photograph by Dr. Frank Collie.

VAAL RIVER BRIDGE AT FOURTEEN STREAMS BLOWN UP BY THE BOERS

as those possessed by these once wealthy and still famous parishes." It will be good news to antiquarians and others interested in such matters to learn that the Vestry of the first-named parish purpose reprinting their old records. The first issue will consist of the accounts of the churchwardens in their earliest volume, from 1525 to 1601, embracing a number of quaint title-pages elaborately illustrated in pen and ink. These title-pages will be reproduced in facsimile, and a complete index of names of places and persons mentioned in the book will be added. Cunningham mentions that the rate-books of this parish contain the names of every house-

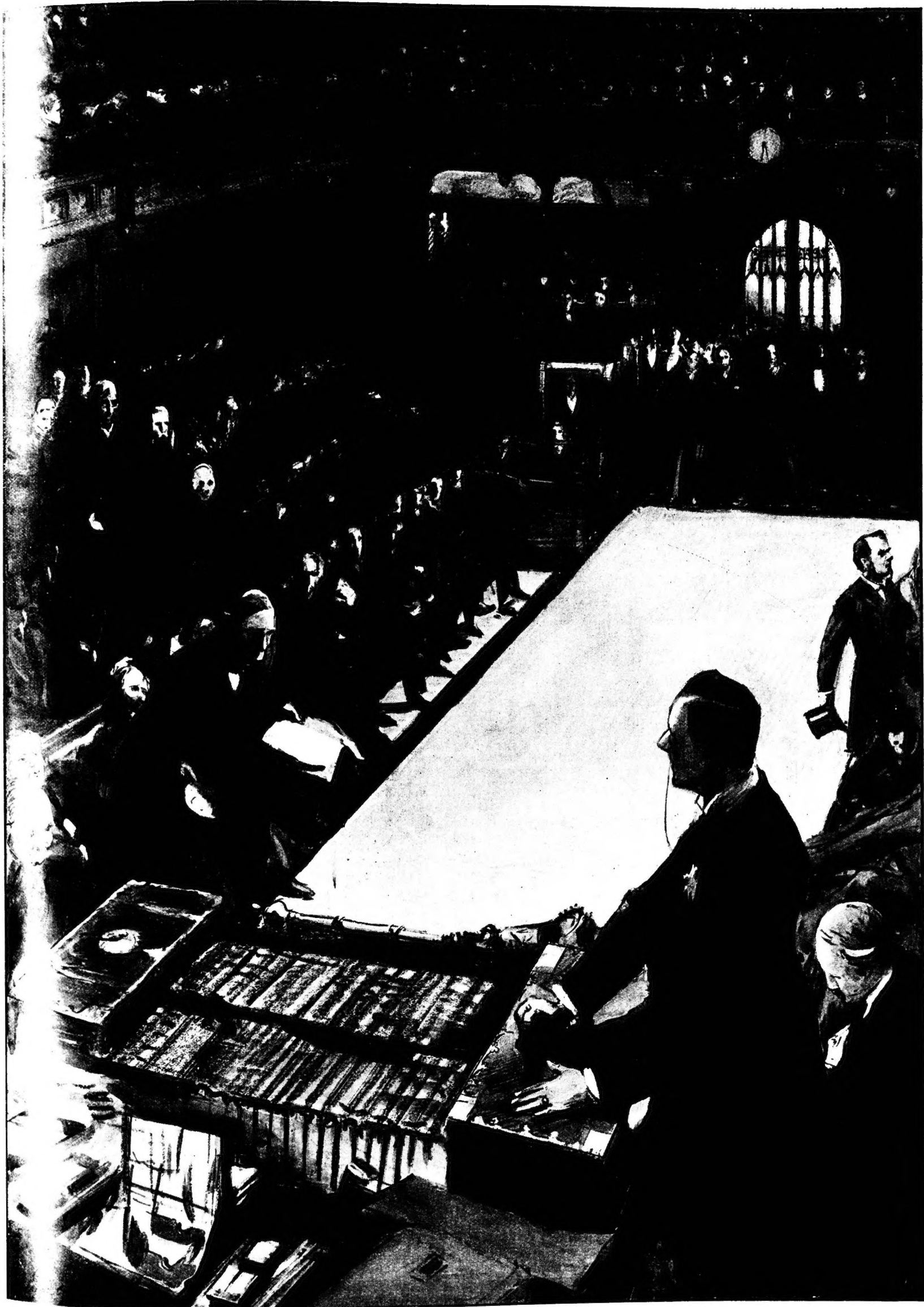


The exodus from Johannesburg, which occurred during the period of anxiety just before the war broke out, has left the town very deserted in appearance. Traders who have stayed have barricaded their premises

for fear of attacks by the blacks. Our illustration is from a photograph by H. W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.

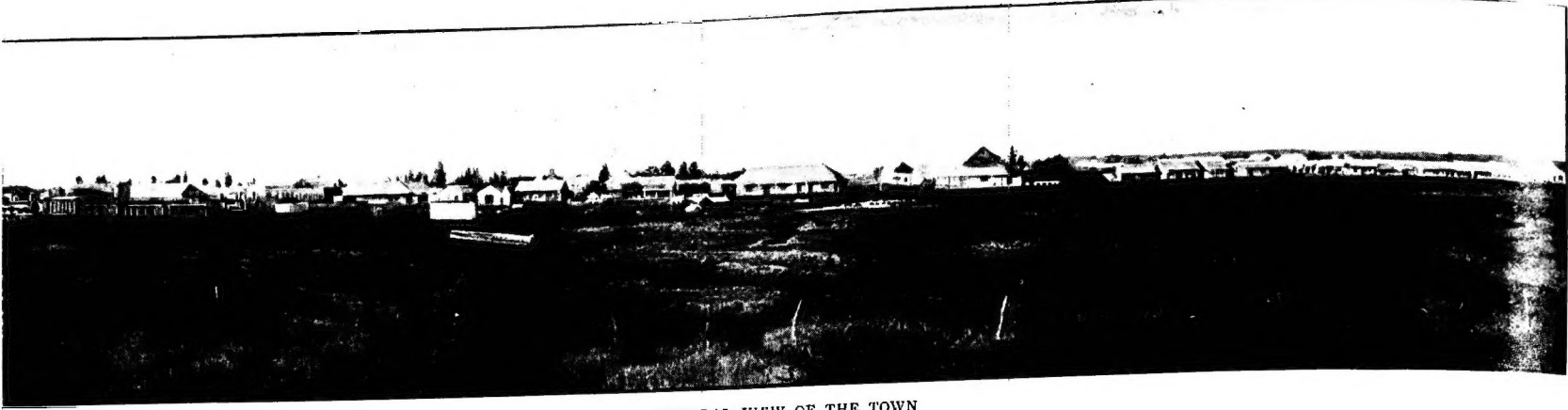
THE EFFECT OF THE WAR: DESERTED JOHANNESBURG



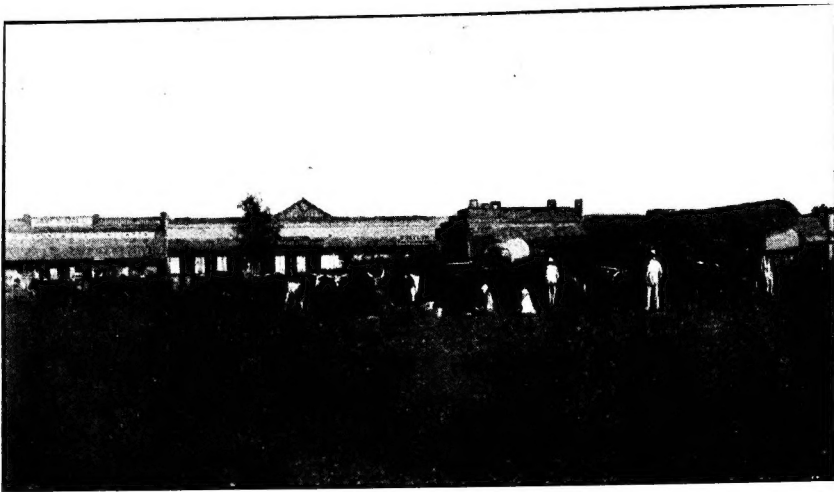


THE WAR: MR. CHAMBERLAIN MAKING HIS STATEMENT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

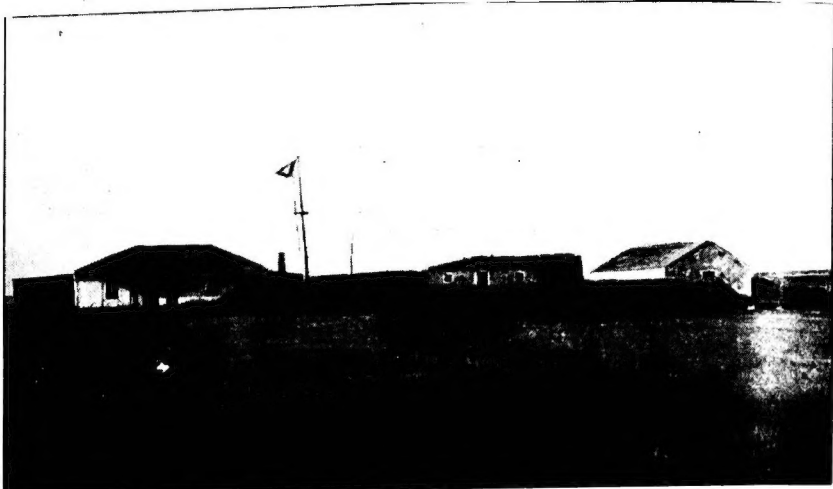
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN



THE MARKET PLACE



THE FORT

Situated on the Bechuanaland Railway, about eight miles from the Transvaal border, and 87 1/2 miles from Cape Town, the thriving little town of Mafeking is the head-quarters of the Bechuanaland Border Police. Its position on the route to Mashonaland, and between Bechuanaland and the Transvaal, renders it an important

centre for distribution. The town is now invested by the Boers, but Colonel Baden-Powell has hitherto been able to keep them at bay, and a recent message from him to Cape Town was, "All well." Our illustrations are from photographs by G. H. Tricker

MAFEKING, ON THE TRANSVAAL BORDER, WHICH COLONEL BADEN-POWELL IS HOLDING AGAINST THE BOERS



The Field Cornet

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

When commanded everyburgher must present himself at the appointed day to the field cornet. He must bring his own horse. A rifle and ammunition is served out to him, and he is then considered fit for the

front. Of soldierly appearance they have but little, there being no attempt at uniform, and as for discipline there is not much, the men parading with their pipes in their mouths

THE WAR: FREE STATE BURGHERS ON PARADE BEFORE GOING TO THE FRONT





"With raised hat, and bows as graceful as those of Mr. Frank Wardroper, Mr. Holwood approached the chair and introduced himself"

## WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### THE YOUNG MAN FROM BEER

To Mr. Holwood it afforded pleasure to be able to walk in Pulteney Street with a fresh, pretty daughter on his arm.

For the first time for many years the old buck held up his head and strutted jauntily. He had the handle of his rattan to his mouth. His white hair sat jauntily on his head, a little on one side, and his gold-rimmed glass was in his eye.

He thoroughly enjoyed the looks of admiration wherewith his laughter was received. Well dressed she now was. Her costume was no longer a country make; but what man gives a thought to the dress when the frame it encloses is graceful and the face within the bonnet so charming?

Mr. Holwood started with consequence when an acquaintance passed in a carriage, one who was conferring the favour of recognition in place of receiving it. An occasional walker caught his eye and bowed, and seeing the young lady on his arm, drew to him and asked, "Introduce me, Mr. Holwood."

The father chuckled with delight, and his frilled shirt front seemed to rise like the crest of a turkey-cock.

Winifred and her father had not been gone many minutes from the house before the door bell was again rung, this time with no accompanying card.

The maid soon came to announce that a young man from Bath Axmouth was waiting, and had brought a hamper for Mrs. Tomkin-Jones.

"We cannot receive him in the drawing-room," said the widow. "Jane, show him into the dining apartment." Then to her

daughter: "I suppose I must give him a shilling. Have you any change, Sylvana?"

"Upstairs, mamma."

"Well, bring it to me below. I must thank him for his trouble and inquire after Mrs. Jose, and offer him a glass of ale."

"Do you think a shilling sufficient remuneration, mamma?"

"Humph! Half-a-crown is a good deal of money. It makes a sensible hole in a sovereign. We are not supposed to know, my dear, what the basket contains—possibly only watercress, and for that a shilling would be ample." Then to the servant who carried:

"Jane!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What has the young man brought? Did he intimate to you what was the contents of the hamper?"

"A pair of spring chickens, ma'am."

"Then, Sylvana, eighteenpence is ample—ample. Bring the silver to me in the dining-room. I will hold my hand behind my back—or, stay! No. I have left my pocket-handkerchief above, and whilst giving me that slip the change into my hand. Do not be long, as with this sort of people one does not know what to say."

Mrs. Tomkin-Jones descended majestically to the red dining-room in which Jack Rattenbury was awaiting her, looking like a soul in purgatory. He at once handed her the maund, and stated that it was a little remembrance from Mrs. Jose.

"How good of you. I really am eternally obliged. And so you have come all the way from Axmouth. Not on purpose to bring this, I trust?"

"Oh no, ma'am. I am here on business for my master."

"What, Mr. Jose?"

"No, madam, I am in the Beer quarries with Mrs. Jose's brother, who works them. I have come to Bath on concerns of the quarry."

"Quite so. It is very good of you. A fine day this with drifting clouds; the sun is hot, but the wind cold. You have, no doubt, found it to be so."

"Yes, ma'am; but the weather does not trouble me greatly."

"And how is that excellent Mrs. Jose?"

"She is well, active, and as good as ever. There is not a woman for miles about more respected than Mrs. Jose. I may even say, more beloved."

"Very pleased to hear it, and suitable to one in her situation. Oh! thank you, Sylvana. This is most considerate of you. How can I have been so neglectful as to leave my pocket-kерchief behind. I fear my memory is not what it was." To Jack: "I have had trials that wear a lady." She then accepted the handkerchief from her daughter, and at the same time closed her fingers and thumb over the change, and passed it into the palm of her hand. Then to Jack: "You will be so good as to thank Mrs. Jose on my behalf."

"Would it not be more gracious, mamma," said Sylvana, "for you to write? It might, you know, extract further favours."

"My dear!" Mrs. Tomkin-Jones frowned, then, "Ah, to be sure. I was intending to do so. The ink and a blotting book are in the room, but the pens are cross-nibbed. However, I trust I shall manage—oh!"

The exclamation was elicited by the fall of the sixpence from her hand upon the floor. But Mrs. T.-J. was equal to the occasion; fixing the eyes of the visitor, she placed her foot on the coin, and executed that *pas* termed by the dancing-master a *chasse*; and so





These lads, several hundred feet below where sat Jack, were clapping, laughing, and sometimes singing. Their voices sounded:—

"I would I were a sparrow  
To light on every tree;  
At even, noon, and morning,  
My love, I'd sing to thee.  
And as the ship is sailing,  
So lightly I would fly,  
And perch upon the mainmast,  
My own true love to spy."

"I would I were a goldfish  
All in the sea to swim,  
At even, noon, and morning,  
I'd follow after him,  
And o'er the bulwark leaning,  
He'd say—'What see I there,  
That shines so gay and golden?  
A lock of my love's hair!'"

Then the lads burst out laughing, and there was a chatter as of birds, so that the singer was not suffered to finish his ballad. They all seemed to an age at which the emotions, the pangs of love, were too strong, and a song that expressed them touched no fibre in the soul.

But it was not with Jack. He knew the song, and his lips moved as he completed it, and his mind travelled away, not seaward but over the cliff.

He remembered some time on the cliff, but finally shook himself, picked up his rifle, and descended into Beer.

He had taken lodgings with a widow at the higher end of the village, in a picturesque cottage that leaned against the hill and faced every way except into the rock against which it leaned.

This was near his work and away from the harbour, a double advantage, as he was not favourably eyed by the boatmen, who regarded him as a deserter from the cause of free trade, and as weak-spirited in abandoning a life of adventure for an office stool. Not only could he go to his work from the cottage without running the gauntlet of the inhabitants of the village, but he was also able with the same immunity to go to Seaton or ramble on the cliffs. Jack was not timid, but every lad is thin-skinned and sensitive to ridicule, and when it was possible to avoid unpleasantness he very judiciously did so.

He had been resident in Beer before; put there by his ambitious father to be created by the curate, so that he had many acquaintances in the place, but in his then temper of mind he preferred solitude; and in the evenings, when his work was over, in place of looking up friends in their homes, at the harbour, or in the public-house, he preferred to saunter alone on the downs. His friend and teacher, the curate, had recently departed to another cure.

When he rambled on the headland he often stood looking south, where sea and sky melted into each other in the evening haze, and his thoughts, his desires were altogether as indefinite as was that horizon.

He was angry with himself for thinking of Winefred. The sense of his folly in caring for her was as a hot coal in his heart that he laboured to reject, but always ineffectually.

If he sat on the top of the White Cliff his eyes often turned in the direction of Bindon Undercliff, though Winefred, as he knew well enough, was not there; yet there were spots there associated with her in his memory.

No single lad of Axmouth or Beer had any suspicion of what passed in his mind. None would have credited it, had they been assured that he who had been robbed by Winefred's mother had set his heart on the girl.

Moreover, in the opinion of these lads there was nothing to attract anyone to Winefred, except her money, and that was ill-gotten. The miserly youth has not a discriminating eye for beauty. He is blind to the points and lines and colours which draw the admiration of the man with the artistic faculty. In the country the rich girls and ladies have a chance of securing a lover as does a beauty, if only they possess an attractive character and pleasant ways. The shy and of the peasant boy starts back from the ready wit and the ready tongue. That Winefred was good-looking would have been admitted with listless indifference, that she was a spoiled child was a conclusion to which all would have leaped and to which all would have leaped. A bumpkin would handle the girl ready at repartee with as great reluctance as a fisherman would touch an electric eel.

On Sunday Jack had an excuse for crossing the water. He must see Mrs. Jose and tell her how he got on.

But when he went to the further bank of the Axe, he bent his steps first of all to the Undercliff, to the elder bushes, where he had retained Winefred, in falling over the precipice, to the gate where she had kept him at a distance with a twig of thorns, to the slit in the barn wall, through which he had watched her at the dance; and only finally did he go to the farmhouse and present himself before Mrs. Jose.

She had much to tell him about Bath, and its beauties, about the splendours of the Jones mansion, about the cordiality of her reception, and the prospects that opened before Winefred.

Jack listened. It pleased him to hear about Winefred, but it pained him to hear of her marriage. He was pained not so much by space, as by the wider separation of social standing.

And yet, what could he want with her? Nothing could come of his fancy, even were Winefred to lay aside her dislike for him. He knew, too surely, that she hated him. When they had met, they were like two goats on a plank, clashing horns.

A couple of weeks later Captain Ford said to Jack, "My lad—I can't go myself. You must do the job. Your eyes as there are in a peacock's tail, and you go to Bath. They tell me that there is a harder than ours, but it is done, I believe, and I'll send you notes of all particulars, and if the need need not be if you bring every conclusion of your head or on paper, and we can rig our own workmen, we shall save a lot of cost."

anxiety. He might, indeed, see Winefred, but only to discover how much further she was removed from him at Bath than she had been at Bindon. Then only the Axe had flowed between, and a current of prejudice. He might find that a mightier stream was parting them, and one that was to him impossible to cross.

"I wish first to go to Bindon," said Jack. "Mrs. Jose may have some message to her cousins at Bath."

"Right," said Captain Ford. "I suppose you cannot see Mrs. Matley, and learn if she has anything for her child?"

Jack shook his head.

"No," said the Captain, "I reckon not. You ain't on speaking terms. Communication made must be through Eliza Jose."

(To be continued)

### The Late Mrs. Forster

MRS. W. E. FORSTER, whose death is announced as the result of a sudden attack of pneumonia, was born at Laleham in 1821, the eldest child of Dr. Arnold, afterwards headmaster of Rugby School. She was thus a little more than a year older than her brother Matthew, in whose two volumes of letters she figures so frequently as "Dearest K."—a pet name, surviving from childish days—and with whom she maintained to the end relations of profound affection and of intellectual equality. Dr. Arnold died in 1842, and the family moved to Fox How, Ambleside, where eight



THE LATE MRS. FORSTER  
Widow of the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.

years later Jane met and married the young Bradford manufacturer, W. E. Forster, Quaker and Radical, but not yet a member of Parliament. In those days it was not permitted to a Quaker to marry outside "the society," and Mrs. Forster used afterwards to describe with much amusement how, soon after the wedding, a couple of grave elders called officially on the young couple, solemnly excommunicated William Forster, and then shook hands and stayed to lunch. On the death of her youngest brother, William Delafield Arnold (author of "Oakfield" and Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab), Mr. and Mrs. Forster adopted his four young children. One of them is Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., who, like his brother and sisters, has added the name of Forster to his own. William Forster entered Parliament and soon made his mark, and it is certain that Mrs. Forster's profound interest in all that concerned the welfare of the people, her keen intelligence and her ripe wisdom, were of no little assistance to her husband. After her husband's death and her own retirement from London, she followed the fortunes of Ireland and of each successive Chief Secretary with an interest and understanding that never flagged. In the four years that elapsed between his resignation and his death, William Forster devoted much time and thought to the idea of Imperial Federation, and in this idea of the close union of the English race all over the world, his wife, no less than himself, took the most intense interest. Her last days were saddened by the trouble in South Africa. She asked for news of the delate and of the fighting in Africa only a few hours before her death, and "England" was one of the last words upon her lips. Mrs. Forster's last years were spent in complete retirement at her house at Bury, overhanging the beautiful Wharfe, close to the village inhabited by the workpeople in her husband's mill. Our portrait is by Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

### A New Chancery Judge

MR. JUSTICE FARWELL, the newly appointed Judge of the Chancery Division, was sworn in before the Lord Chancellor in his private room at the House of Lords on Tuesday morning, and took his seat in Court the same afternoon—the first day of the sittings—proceeding at once to try witness actions in the Chancery Division, together with Mr. Justice Cozens-Hardy. Mr. Justice Farwell was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1871, and became a Queen's Counsel several years ago. Although his name is little known to the public, he has won for himself at the Chancery Bar the reputation of a sound lawyer. For many years now the new Judge had enjoyed a large practice in that department of jurisprudence. Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



MR. GEORGE FARWELL, Q.C.  
New Judge of the High Court

### The "America" Cup Races and their Legacy

THE *Shamrock* has failed to bring back to England the coveted trophy, but is returning fully freighted with American good wishes for the English people in general and for their yachtsmen in particular. Genuine sportsmen met their like in fair encounter, and from first to last there was not a single dispute. Nor, now that the match is over, is there the least disposition on this side of the Atlantic to question the superiority of *Columbia*. Except in very light winds, she always had a little the better of her opponent, whether beating to windward or running free. It was believed by both *Shamrock's* owner and builder that in a really strong breeze, with a rough sea, she would shape better than her antagonist, and especially so after her lead ballast was increased. But in the final match, when these very conditions prevailed, *Columbia* had the race in hand for nearly the whole distance, out and home. As the grand cutters tore through the seas, it became very evident to experienced yachtsmen accompanying the racing craft that, barring accidents, the American was bound to win. She gained something even before reaching the mark boat, but it was after beginning the beat to windward that her superiority again became most manifest. Messrs. Herreshoff have built many weatherly yachts before now, but their latest creation far surpasses all their previous ones in sailing exceptionally close to the wind without sensible diminution of speed, compared with lying off half a point, or even a point. *Shamrock* had, perhaps, a little pull over her rival in going about, her fore-reaching when she tacked exciting general admiration. But this slight superiority in a non-essential could not and did not make up for her inferiority in essentials; as Sir Thomas Lipton frankly acknowledged at the conclusion of the long contest, the smarter boat won. Nor can there be any doubt that if the match were re-sailed under similar conditions of wind, weather, and sea the same result would attend.

### 'Tis Years Since the Story was Told

By H. MACNAUGHTON JONES

Illustrated by EVELYN HARDY

'Tis years since the story was told,  
And yet doth its glory survive,  
That hurricane ride of the bold  
Can still the old heart-thrill revive.

'Tis years since the story was told,  
That ride through the "valley of death,"  
And often has frozen the mould  
Since that dare-devil race held the breath.

'Tis years since the story was told,  
That death-seeking ride of the brave,  
They rode not for wage nor for gold,  
In that rush for a Muscovite grave.

'Tis years since the story was told,  
Of those belching and bellowing guns,  
The flames that around did enfold  
The bravest of Chivalry's sons.

'Tis years since the story was told,  
That riderless ride to and fro,  
How dearly each life there was sold  
By those helmet-cleft corpses, we know.

'Tis years since the story was told,  
Re-echoed in music and song,  
To be heard till the world grows old,  
Inspiring the ages along.

'Tis years since the story was told,  
Ah! little the blunder they recked—  
That chivalrous cloud as it rolled,  
Of horsemen and chargers unchecked.

'Tis years since the story was told,  
And most of those heroes are dead,  
Some in shells that to paupers are doled,  
And in graves that by paupers are fed.

'Tis years since the story was told,  
And still may we hear its refrain,  
"My God, must one die in the cold,  
One more of the few that remain!"

Oh, then shall the story be told  
That darkens the fame of our race,  
That just for a handful of gold,  
We courted eternal disgrace.



BALACLAVA, OCT. 25, 1854

## Fitting Out at Woolwich

A WELL-KNOWN writer has called the Thames below the Pool the "shop of London;" because on either side of that busy highway are stored all the things which London eats and London drinks and London wears. But he might as well have called it the shop of the British Empire, for its stores go all over the world; and a special instance of the "shop's" capacity is furnished at the present time by the activity of a single branch of it—namely, the Supply Reserve Stores at Woolwich Dockyard. The single department is working night and day, to feed and clothe and fit out the expedition to South Africa. Night and day the military waggons thunder in and out the gates, day and night the steam tugs fuss busily to and from the transport pier, night and day the trains shriek, the trucks rumble along the rails, and the military shop assistants cord up package after package for the insatiable military customer. There is no end and no limitation to the supply of the shop, or the demands of the customer; the supply and the demand seem to rise simultaneously; and the department does business in anything from 'bus horses to pontoons. Thousands of tons of compressed forage for horses and food for the troops have been despatched; but notwithstanding this drain Woolwich and Deptford Dockyards could with the greatest ease victual another South African squadron and another Army Corps. When the "orders" first began to come in there were in store 2,000,000 lb. of ships' bread or biscuits, 1,000,000 lb. of chocolate—the use of which it did not require Mr. Bernard Shaw's German soldier to tell us—100,000 lb. of tea, 7,000,000 lb. of sugar, 100,000 bottles of lime juice and tins of condensed milk, a quarter of a million barrels of beef and pork, and millions of tins of meat. If Mr. Thomas Atkins is given a free hand with these provisions there will be no doubt of his eagerness to fight; a big army, as Napoleon remarked, crawls on its belly. There are many curious and interesting points about the packing and despatch of these stores. For instance, in compressing forage—and so urgent was the demand for forage that from the beginning it was necessary to work all night—the particles of hay continually floating about gave rise to some alarm lest the gas jets should set the place ablaze. Consequently Woolwich Stores, in a few hours, rigged themselves up with electric light, and overcame the difficulty in that way. But food and forage are not the only things which Woolwich is called upon to supply. The work of the Ordnance Department has been, as may be imagined, very heavy, and Major-General John Steevens, C.B., the Principal Ordnance Officer at Woolwich Arsenal, has had his hands full. Major-General Steevens, who is forty-four years of age, entered the Army Ordnance Department in 1880. He served in the Zulu War in 1879, and was awarded the medal and clasp, and was promoted to be Deputy-Commissary. For services in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, when he was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, he was mentioned in despatches and was awarded the medal and clasp and the Khedive's star. He was Assistant Inspector-General of Ordnance at headquarters from 1893 to 1898, when he was promoted to his present post with the rank of Major-General. Among the war stores sent from Woolwich were 18 waggons and fittings for the howitzer ammunition column, 48,000 rounds of pistol ammunition, 1,000 rounds of filled Lyddite shell, with fuses and tubes. Last of all—one cannot say either least or most important, for in war every detail is important—has been the stamping of ammunition cases and the packing of rifles and shells. As the stores go out new stores come in; 40,000 new Martini-Metford rifles have taken the place in the stores occupied a week ago by rifles now on their way

to the Cape; and all day long stores come in by the Reserve Stores' back door and go out by the front one, over the rails, or by barges over the river to the freight ships waiting for them in the Albert and East India Docks.

## The Girls They Leave Behind Them

IT is no exaggeration to say that the departure from England of a single battalion for a new station somewhere beyond the shores of the country, causes the keenest distress imaginable to a large number of persons. But when, as at this present juncture, troops are leaving weekly by the thousand for active service in South Africa, the distress is considerably intensified. The burden of this, it need scarcely be pointed out, falls most heavily on the women

marriages generally contrive to at least keep their heads above water.

When, however, the order for general mobilisation is suddenly issued affairs wear a very different complexion, and the picture becomes a dark one, indeed. Bereft at a few moments' notice of the husbands, fathers, and breadwinners, the unfortunate women and children left behind must necessarily fall upon grievous times. They are not "on the strength," consequently the responsibility for their well-being is disclaimed by the military authorities. The various funds to which they are tempted to apply for assistance have practically no help for it but to report, through their secretaries, that they "regret to be unable to entertain their applications."

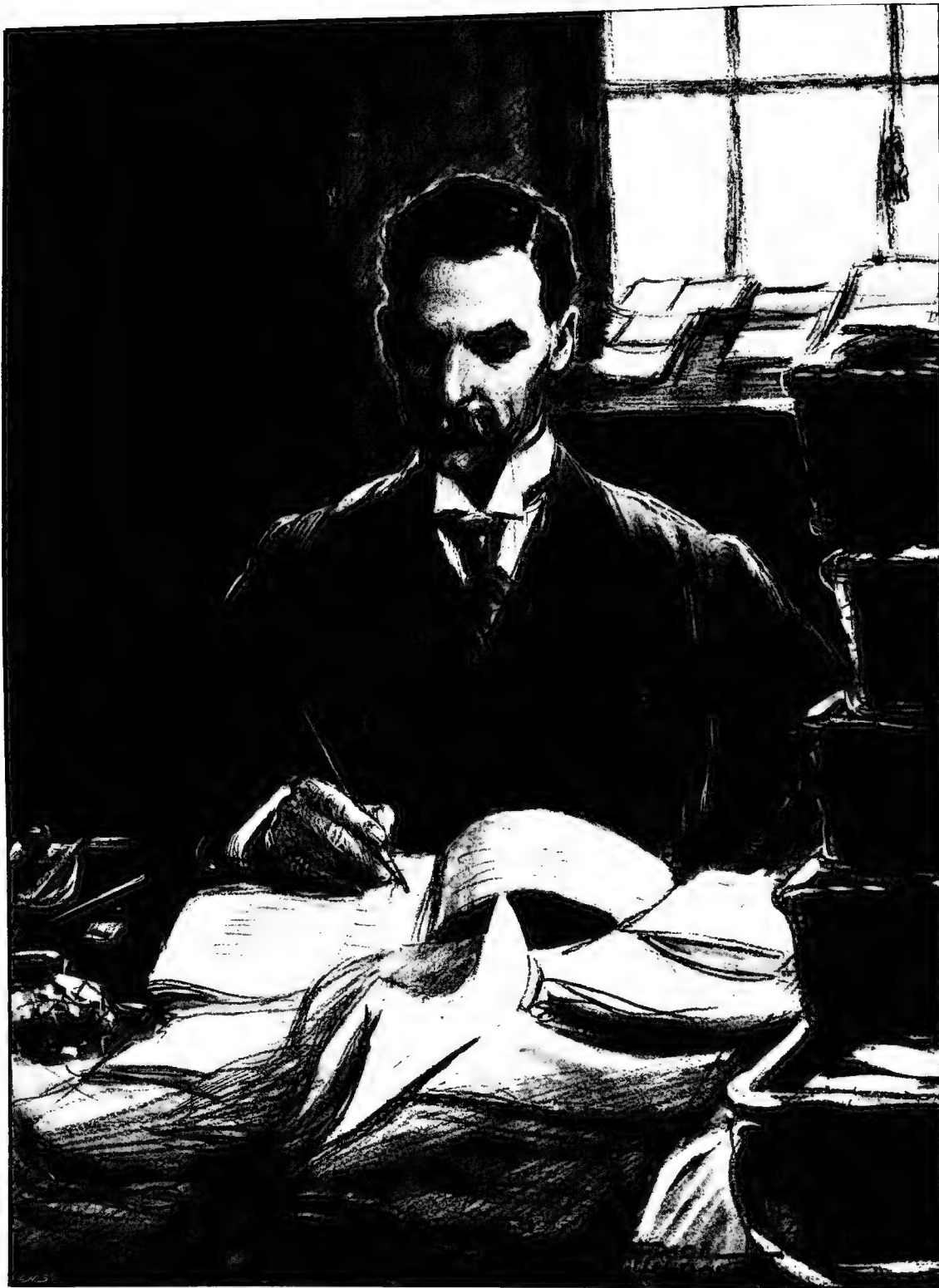
Thus, above the tumultuous shouting of the cheering crowd that accompanies the troops on their triumphal march to the dock-side rises—and none less poignantly for all enforced repression—the anguished wailing of many a heart-sick wife and mother. The crash of brass, and the pathetic cries of the eager onlookers as the transport steams away, serve but to add to the grief of the "Girls they leave behind them." Sombre, indeed, are the prevailing hues of such a picture.

Even in the case of such soldiers' families as are happily "on the strength," the hardship of war still presses heavily. Although not expressly forbidden in so many words, matrimony, as an institution for the rank and file of the Army, is not enthusiastically encouraged by the military Powers that be. For this reason apparently the number of officially recognised unions among privates is severely limited to four per cent. of the strength of a regiment. With regard to sergeants and warrant officers, however, a greater measure of liberality is displayed in the matter, and in either case free quarters are provided in barracks, with fuel and light, and various other allowances—either in cash or in kind. Arrangements are also made for transporting the families of such properly accredited Benedicts when the battalion periodically changes its quarters.

When, however, "the blast of war" imperiously summons the fighting men to the field, matters are promptly placed on a very different footing. In such fell times as these, domesticity is ruthlessly swept off the board, and everything is sacrificed to "the exigencies of the service." At the same time certain arrangements are, nevertheless, made to relieve the families duly borne on the "married establishment" while the breadwinners are necessarily absent. Thus the women and children are either kept in barracks or given a "living allowance" until the husbands and fathers return. In addition to this a "separation allowance" is granted by the Government, and a compulsory deduction is made from the husband's pay in the following scales:—(1) "Government Separation Allowance"—£1. 5s. per diem; children, £1. 5s. per diem (but only in the case of each girl under

sixteen, or boy under fourteen). "Compulsory Stoppage from Husband's Pay"—(1) When drawing a field-ration, wife, 4d. per diem; children (as before specified), 1d. per diem; (2) When not drawing a field-ration, wife, 2d. per diem; children (as before specified) 1d. per diem. In either case, the total is not to exceed 6d. and 3d. respectively per diem, "without the husband's consent."

The above rates refer only to private soldiers. In no case, however, are they unduly extravagant, or, after calculation, to lend an added charm to active service. Consequently, especially if they be possessed of large families, the soldier who has perforce left his wife and children behind him summons to join the "far-flung battle-line" a very grim reality indeed.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN STEEVENS, C.B.

PRINCIPAL ORDNANCE OFFICER AT WOOLWICH

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

and children—and more especially, of course, on those whose husbands and fathers are "off the strength." By this term, it should be explained, is meant the natural outcome of such marriages as are not officially recognised by the regimental authorities. As a result, no provision of quarters, or rations, etc., is made for the soldiers' "encumbrances" (as a wife and family are somewhat quaintly described in military parlance), and in these instances the husband has to support his household as best he may. While on home service, this can—by the exercise of extreme care—be done, to a certain extent, for ways and means of keeping the wolf from the door usually exist. For example, the wife generally manages to earn a few shillings a week by washing and mending for her helpmeet's comrades-in-arms, while the man himself profitably employs his leisure in doing tailoring or cobbling work, etc. Thus, one way and another, the contracting parties in such improvident



## The Orange Free State

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

THE SOUTH of the two Boer Republics, the Orange Free State, may be described as a prairie table-land, a little larger in area than England and Wales combined, lying wholly in the interior of the continent. It is bounded on the north by the Transvaal, on the south and west by the Cape Colony, and on the east by Natal and Basutoland. The country is populated with natives who, though never conquered by practical warfare, have been under our rule for many years. The South African Republic, part of a backbone which rises into peaks of alpine height. From the country slopes down to the sea by way of the Orange River, and the great rivers Vaal and Orange also roll away to the Atlantic thousands of miles away. You descend from Basutoland into the Orange Free State, which is, broadly speaking, a flat country lying between these rivers, a high and dry plain, the level of which, Bloemfontein, situated between four and five thousand feet above sea level—not so high as Johannesburg, but about the same as Bulawayo. In such high, healthy latitudes white men thrive; and perhaps the physical vigour induced has something to do with Boer self-assertiveness. Basutoland, far more beautiful, better watered, and still loftier, will perhaps come to be the country in South Africa from the white man's point of view; but the Boer Republics, forming as they practically do now, one State, have certainly some physical advantages over the communities planted at a lower altitude nearer the coast.

British travellers were the first to penetrate the once savage wilds now ruled by the Boers; it was a Scottish officer in the service of the Dutch Cape Government (whose rights we inherit by conquest and purchase), who in the last century named the Orange River after the Dutch statholder; but unquestionably the first white men to settle in the country north of the Orange were Dutch farmers—Boers—who crossed from the Cape Colony in the early years of our rule at the Cape. The date agreed upon is 1828, after which there was a large accession from the same source in 1836-7-8, when the Great Trek of the Boers took place—the Exodus of the Boers from Cape Colony into the trackless African wilds.

In these early days we claimed rights up to the 25th parallel of south latitude—a long way beyond the northernmost point where the migrating Boers had discovered the natives and settled, but we did not trouble very much about it. Perhaps there was some idea that they would be a useful buffer against the ferocious savages of the unexplored north, where Africa stretched away to Europe absolutely unmapped, unexplored, and unknown. There is to be seen a "Nylstroom" in the Boer Republic which shows where these Israelites believed they had discovered the source of the Nile—the stream. But when the first pioneers fell foul of the Griquas, with whom we had a treaty of peace, we had to interfere, and British troops assisted these native allies to disperse the Boers for the first time at Zwart Koppies (Black Hills), in the Orange River, in 1845. After that event a British Resident was appointed, and we made the usual mistake of a shortsighted parsimony. We did not give our Resident troops to enable him to keep the peace. Consequently, the Boers had to depend on their own rifles, and the natural result was that they one day rose and turned the British out. Then Sir Henry Smith and a British force defeated them at Boomplaats, in 1848, and annexed the country as the Orange River Sovereignty; and more troubles followed, until 1854, when the English got tired and insisted on the Boers governing themselves, whether they would or no.

The Convention signed by Sir George Clerk, as our representative, in 1854—the "Convention of Bloemfontein"—guaranteed the future independence of the Free State and its Government, declaring that the burghers were to be regarded as to all intents and purposes a free and independent people, absolved from their allegiance to the British Crown. The Boers undertook not to permit slavery (as theretofore), and to protect the property and legal and personal liberty of all British subjects then resident in the country. In view of the recent outcry over the importation of arms, it may be noted

result, there is not much in that grievance, more especially as the Free State did gain by our consent a very valuable piece of Basuto territory, which is now the granary of the State.

Another of the grievances against us is the annexation of the Diamond Fields to the Cape Colony. In the Free State—or rather in country the Free Staters claimed as theirs—Uitlanders found diamonds just as in the Transvaal Uitlanders found gold. We saved the Free State an Uitlander Question by annexing Griqualand West to the Cape, under a treaty with the Griquas, to whom it belonged. Nevertheless, the Free State thought the diamond country theirs, and some of the Boers have always grumbled that the 90,000*l.* we paid them for their alleged rights—an arrangement due to Sir Donald Currie—was too small a sum for Kimberley and what is now De Beers.

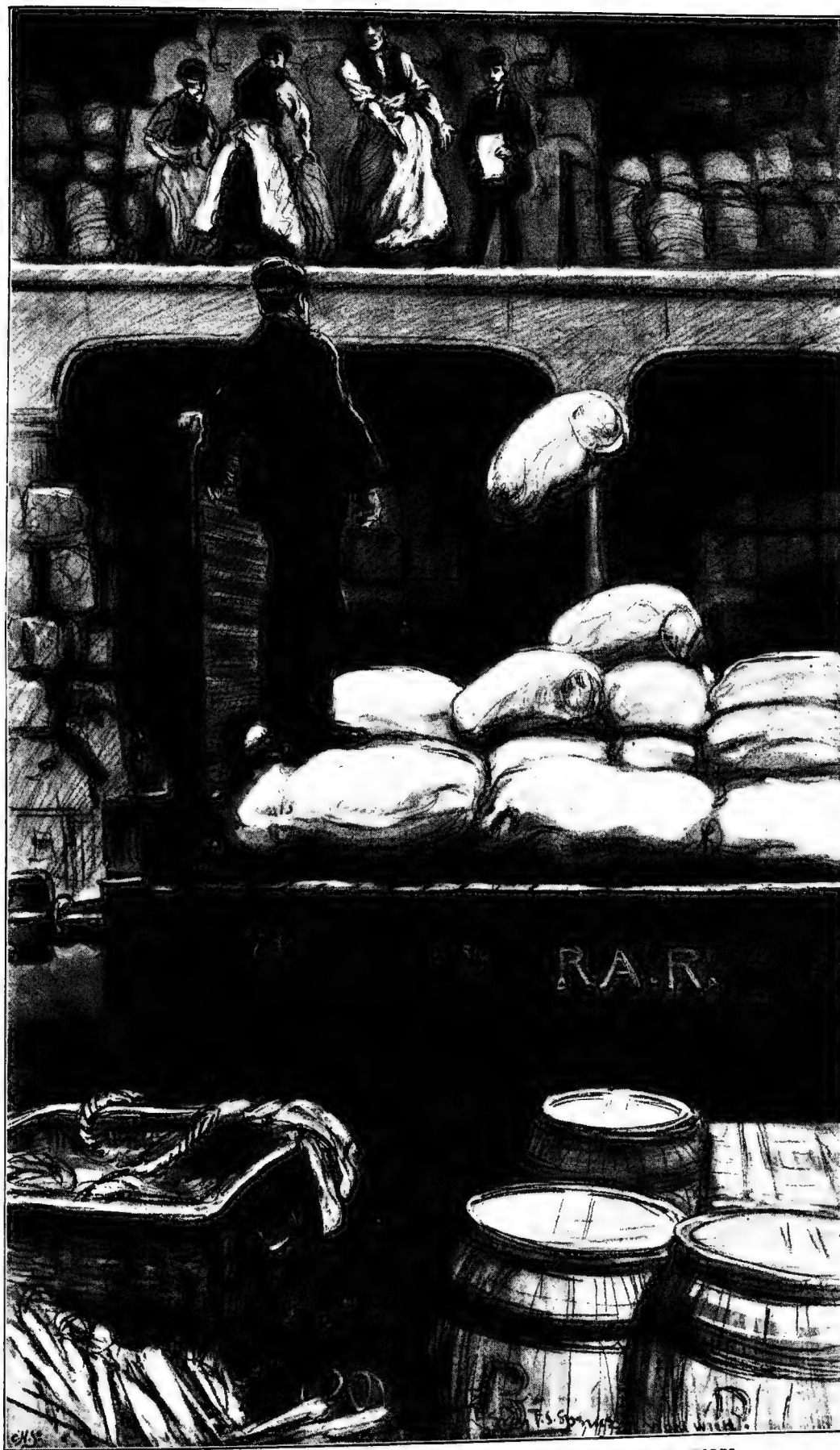
In point of fact, the Free State Boers have always had, like their brethren across the Vaal, a "gude conceit o' themselves," and have managed to come out of their entanglements very well. They made a most profitable arrangement with the Cape, for instance, in regard to the railway, actually getting their State opened up free, a railway given them free, and an income beyond their previous wildest dreams, without the trouble of earning it. That they got along so well, not only with us, but with all their neighbours, was undoubtedly due to the broad good sense of the late Sir Johannes Hendricus Brand, who was their President for twenty-four years, and who was perhaps the best man South Africa has produced. "All will come right," he would say, in his patient, large-minded way of looking at affairs. It is to be regretted that since his time the fortunes of the Free State have been in the hands of Afrikaner lawyers.

The two Boer States are now risking their all in a scheme engineered by two Free State Afrikaner lawyers, another Afrikaner lawyer in the Transvaal and a fourth lawyer from Holland. European training has given these men the complaint known in America as "swelled head." The Afrikaner lawyer who succeeded the good President Brand was Mr. Reitz. He in turn has been succeeded by the Afrikaner lawyer, Mr. Steyn. Mr. Reitz has meantime become State Secretary in the Transvaal, where he is ably assisted by the Afrikaner lawyer, Mr. Smuts, a State Attorney, who gave proof of his second-rate astuteness by his unblushing statements regarding the warrants for Mr. Moneybags and Mr. Pakenman. These three lawyers in office have had much the same European training, though not so exclusively Continental as the fourth Boer lawyer, Dr. Leyds, the clever young Hollander whom President Kruger's evil genius prompted him to import in order to counteract the British, and who has long tried to enlist the sympathies of Germany, Russia, France, or anybody else who can be found to oppose British influence in South Africa.

Of the four, President Steyn is by far the most statesmanlike figure. A man of early middle age and grand physique, he has large capacity and large ideas, and should go far if he had ballast enough to keep him steady. Ambition is likely to be his ruin—that

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other side

By that sin fell the angels. It is only too clear that these Free State and Transvaal lawyers and their clique have declared war for the purpose of squeezing the British out of South Africa, at any rate of squeezing out the British Imperial power, and of founding a South African Republic according to Boer ideas—a Republic in which Continental ideas of political and economic rule would prevail, in which every effort would be made to make Boer Dutch the universal language, and in which Great Britain would have no part or lot unless it were the proud part of policing the seas around the shores of a country where British citizens would have neither influence nor power.

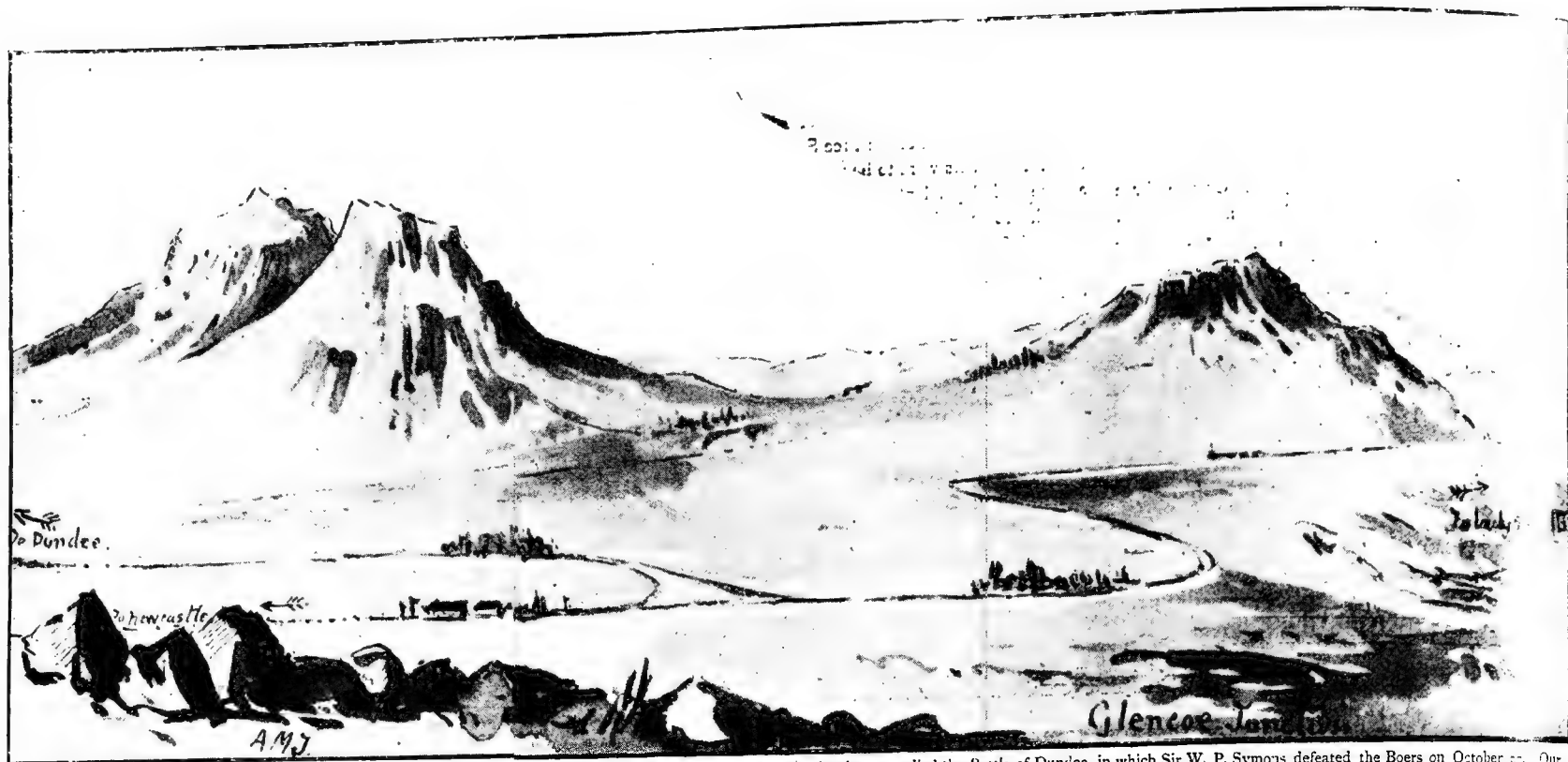


GETTING A TRUCK LOAD READY FOR SHIPMENT IN THE FIELD EQUIPMENT STORES  
WAR PREPARATIONS AT WOOLWICH

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

that this Free State Magna Charta also guaranteed that the Government of the territory should have at all times the right of purchasing ammunition in any Colony in South Africa.

Thus the Orange Free State gained the independence it has enjoyed up to the present time. The *Pax Britannica* has enabled it to subsist with little or no "standing army," since at any rate the Basuto War of thirty years ago. In that war the Basutos were at first victorious, then the Boers in turn gained the upper hand. One of the Free State Boers' grievances against us is that when they were on the point of winning we stepped in and prevented their exterminating their enemies and annexing their country. But as we did so at the Basutos' own request, and our doing so produced an immediate peace instead of a certain prolonged war with an extremely doubtful



Glencoe is situated about forty miles to the north-east of Ladysmith. From this point a branch line, five and a half miles long, runs to Dundee. Between Dundee and Glencoe, on Talana Hill, was fought the

battle now called the Battle of Dundee, in which Sir W. P. Symons defeated the Boers on October 27. Our illustration is from a sketch by Agnes M. Johnston.

GLENCOE JUNCTION, FROM WHICH GENERAL YULE HAS FALLEN BACK UPON LADYSMITH.

## Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

THE last seven days have seen the war commence in earnest, especially in Natal, and, in the light of the operations there, all the fighting on the western frontier of the Transvaal—which may be described as the second army theatre of hostilities—seems dwarfed and insignificant, though we have had a successful fight at Mafeking, and held our own at Kimberley. But this is as nothing compared with the happenings in Natal, into which, as detailed last week, Transvaal Boers had been quick to pour in three main columns in the direction of Glencoe, as a concentrating point; while the Free Staters, on the other hand, in bodies of which we have no accurate account, equally headed towards Ladysmith by the Tintwa and Van Reenan passes. It was with the latter, on Thursday last, the 19th inst., that we first came into sharp, yet far from serious, conflict; and to the Natal Carabineers (mounted Volunteers), as was but fitting, fell the honour of the first brush with the invaders of their soil.

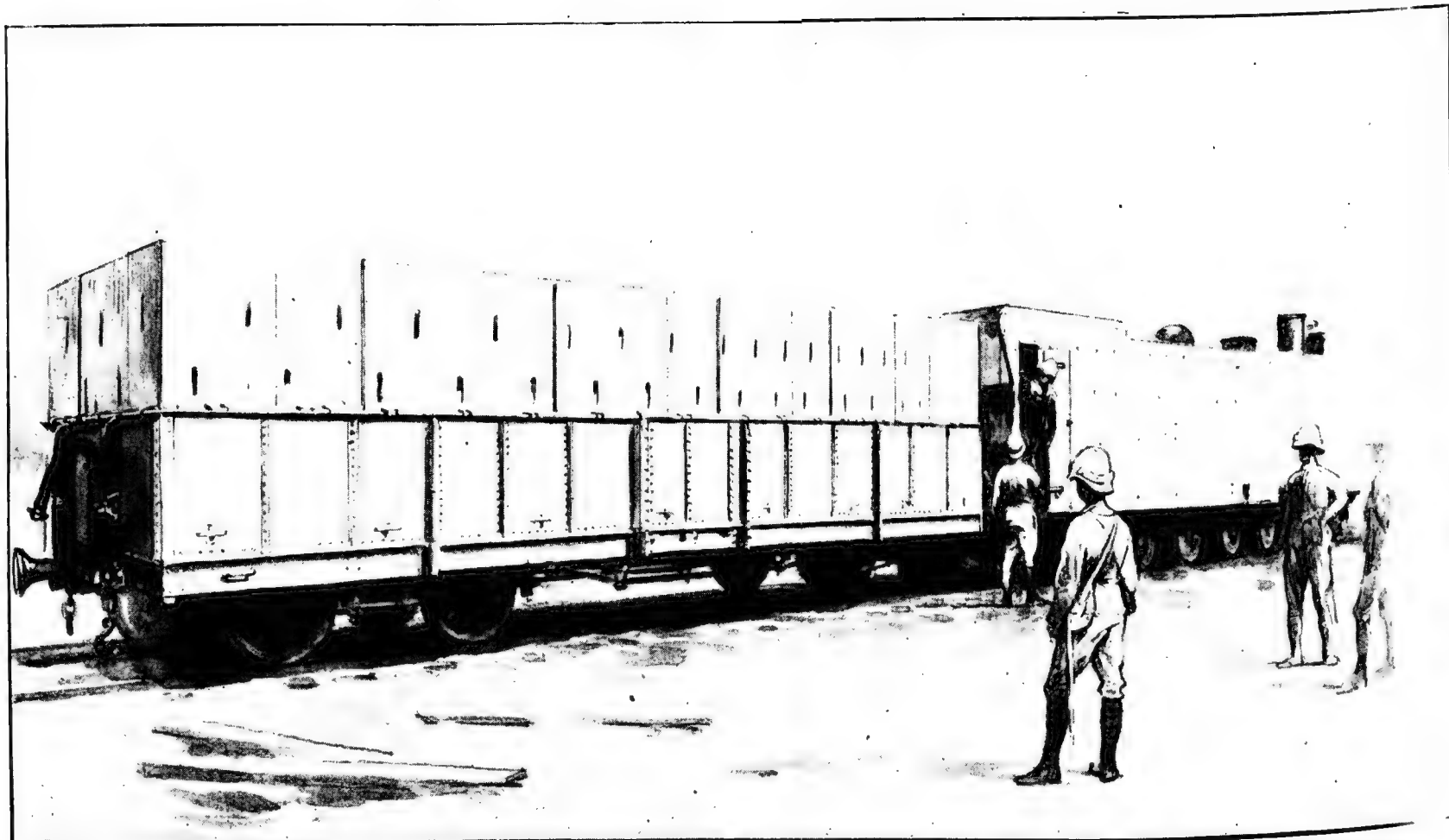
From Ladysmith the scene now shifts northward to Glencoe, near which, at the dawn of next day, 20th, the camp of General Symons—placed about half-way between Glencoe and Dundee, at Craigside—was rudely disturbed by the screeching and bursting of

Boer shells. This disturbance was not altogether unexpected, seeing that local cyclists, scurrying into camp from Dundee on the previous evening, had announced the approach of a large body of Boers from the east, whence the wise men had also once come. But those Boers proved to be particularly foolish. As a matter of fact, they formed the command of General Lucas Meyer, and had crossed the Buffalo River by Landsman's Drift. They were one of three similar commandos—the second, in the centre, being under a certain Erasmus, and the third, on the (Boer) right, under the rabid Anglophobe, Viljoen. It had been the mission of this Viljoen to push forward his right, and, interposing between Ladysmith and Glencoe, cut the railway line, so as thus to isolate Symons at Glencoe from White at Ladysmith. This he smartly did, capturing a supply train, and taking several British prisoners. Glencoe being thus isolated, it behoved Meyer and Erasmus—as we learned from the mouth of President Kruger himself—to march upon the circumvented Symons—the former from the east, the other from the north—and, joining hands, smite him and his camp into annihilation, as Sennacherib, the Assyrian, took the fenced-cities of Judah. It must be owned that this was a very well-conceived plan, only it failed for want of proper co-operation on the part of Erasmus.

Letting himself go before assured of the coming of Erasmus, Meyer, at dawn, from the plateau edge of Talana Hill, about three miles east of the British camp, began shelling Symons, but without doing any damage, and Symons at once got ready for action.

Pushing forward his infantry towards the Boer position, he soon got his guns—two batteries—into position above and behind them, and ere long had silenced the boasted Boer artillery, which was handled pluckily, but inefficiently, by gallant amateurs. Under cover of a further crushing fire from our own guns, our infantry now pushed forward to the attack—the best parry being ever the stroke—and in the teeth of a murderous fire from the Boer marksmen—who do not, after all, seem to have shown much of the falling off as rifle shots which some had imputed to them owing to their lack of any big game—but Britons to practice on—steadily advanced, fighting their way across the valley and up the “almost impregnable” hill-side as coolly as if practising attack formation in the Long Valley, and then, after a pause on some “dead ground” to gather breath, launched themselves with a long pent-up and triumphant yell on the bravely obstinate Boer foe, capturing some of their guns and rolling them pell-mell down the reverse slope of Talana Hill, where their discomfort was completed by the pursuing 18th Hussars, who had meanwhile pushed round on the Boer right on to his rear.

But, like the Germans at Spichenen, we had to pay a heavy price for our victory—a victory which made the Queen's heart bleed for these dreadful losses: thirty-six killed and 191 wounded, the list of the latter being topped by General Symons himself, who was struck down like Wolfe on the heights of Abraham at the very moment of the triumph which he had so sagaciously planned. The list of the officers killed and wounded was an exceptionally heavy one, and out of all usual proportion to that of the men—a result



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. WALLACE BRADLEY

This train, which resembles that which has been giving the Boers so much trouble at Mafeking, consists of a powerful engine-tender and three trucks. The sides have been raised to over 6 feet in height. The plates are loopholed with longitudinal slots, through which the men in the train can use their rifles. Each truck is

capable of carrying sixty-four men. The train is painted khaki colour. The driver and fireman are completely closed in, and take their directions by bell signals.

AN ARMOURD TRAIN SENT FROM DURBAN TO THE FRONT



partly due to the fact that those officers, who, reckless during, scorned the cover which they enjoyed upon their men, and put themselves in the much less honourable position of the Boers, with their eyes for big game, ever made the point in battle of picking up the prisoners first. So in this respect it was a second "Massacre of Glencoe."

That the Boers became so successful was due to the circumstances. Brigadier Yule, of the 1st Buffs, who succeeded in being seriously wounded, General Buller, in command, detached a portion of the Glencoe force—a light battery, the 1st Leicesters, and the 15th Hussars—towards Dundee to cope with a body of about a thousand Boers whom his scouts had signalled as marching from the Hatting Spruit in the north-west. These were the Boers, the troops of the 1st Buffs, who, on perceiving that Meyer had been killed, and that his hopelessly ruined before he could join hands with him, was to stay his advance before the detached British column which threatened him; and so the 15th Hussars were thus free to devote themselves till darkness fell to the further disintegration and destruction of the Lucas Meyer force.

Next day, Saturday, another crushing victory, but still bloodier than that of Elands Hill or Dundee as it is officially styled, was placed to the credit of our arms by Sir George White, or rather perhaps by General Buller, in command of the cavalry, whom Sir George had chivalrously entrusted with the continuance of the action which he had begun. This was fought near Elands Laagte, a station on the Ladysmith-Glencoe line, about sixteen miles from the former and twenty-eight from the latter. General White had determined to re-open communication between Ladysmith and Glencoe, which had been cut by Viljoen and his Transvaal (not Free State) Boers; and for this purpose—after the due reconnoitring—he sent northward by road and rail a force of three batteries, two battalions, and some cavalry. The Boers were found to be holding a position of exceptional strength, consisting of rocky hills, a mile and half south-east of Elands Laagte Station. Our guns took position

been silenced, than it broke out again on fitting opportunity, and according to General White himself, "was served with great courage." Our infantry again advanced over the exposed ground in front of the Boer hill position with the utmost coolness and

instead of by its base. That day without molestation he marched fifteen miles—a good march—and early next day (Tuesday) reached the Weschbank River.

Cognisant of the intentions of Yule, White, on the same day, moved northwards with a strong force to fend off all hostile interference from the west with his subordinate's retiring movement, and thus interposed himself between Yule's direction and a threatened column of Free Staters about seven miles upon the Ladysmith-Glencoe road. A brisk artillery action followed, which ended in the flight of the enemy westward. The same night (Tuesday) Yule joined White at Ladysmith, where there was then a well-entrenched and victory-elated force of about 15,000 men ready for all emergencies. Loud hilarity doubtless reigned throughout this re-assembled force on its learning that President Steyn had issued a proclamation annexing to the Free State a portion of Cape Colony north of the Vaal, while the Transvaal Government followed suit with a similar proclamation in regard to all the territory north of the Vaal, including Bechuanaland and Rhodesia—one relieving touch of broad comicality in the tragic drama of the war—a war, for the rest, which will become exceedingly serious for President Steyn



THE LATE GENERAL DE KOCK  
Who died of his wounds after being taken prisoner at Elands Laagte



COLONEL SCHIEL  
A.G. to the Boer Force—made prisoner at Elands Laagte



GENERAL H. P. N. PRETORIUS  
Taken prisoner at Elands Laagte

BOER GENERALS, WHO HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONERS



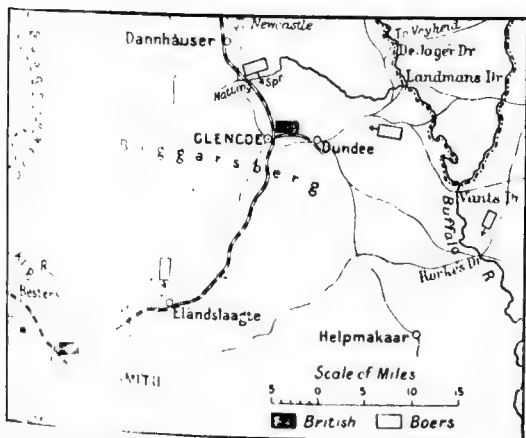
Vryburg stands about a hundred miles south of Mafeking on the railway to Cape Town. It was the capital of British Bechuanaland until that colony was incorporated with the Cape. The country around is undulating, but very bare and sandy. Vryburg itself is by no means an attractive town, although when it was the northern terminus of the railway it did considerable trade with wagons coming from the interior. It has two or three thousand inhabitants and a number of Government buildings of an unpretentious character, including a hospital. Major Scott, who was in command in the town, tried to rouse the inhabitants to fight against the attacking Boers, but in vain. The disloyalty of the townsfolk, and his own inability to defend the place, preyed upon Major Scott's mind so much that he committed suicide. Our illustration is from a photograph by E. J. Sargeant

VRYBURG, WHICH HAS BEEN EVACUATED BY US AND OCCUPIED BY THE BOERS

courage—the 1st Devons, a whole battalion of them, delivering the frontal attack, while two half-battalions of the 1st Manchester and the 2nd Gordon Highlanders headed for the Boer left flank, with intent to turn it. These were not the Gordons who stormed Dargai—the Tirah heroes having been of the 1st Battalion; yet Dargai was nothing in its difficulty and murderousness to those rocky heights of Elands Laagte. But the British infantry were not to be denied, and, "with the bugles sounding the advance, bagpipes shrieking, and the battle a confused surge, the men swept yelling forward and the battle was won." The Gordons captured one Boer standard, the Devons—twice as numerous as the Gordons—two. The light had now failed—the action had lasted from 3.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.—and the rain was pouring; nevertheless, the 5th Lancers and one squadron 5th Dragoon Guards charged three times in the dark through the retreating Boers, doing considerable execution. A bugler boy of the Lancers, who is only fourteen, is said to have shot three Boers with his revolver, and to have been carried round the camp afterwards on the men's shoulders. Major Wright, of the Gordons, on falling severely wounded, took out his pipe and proceeded to smoke.

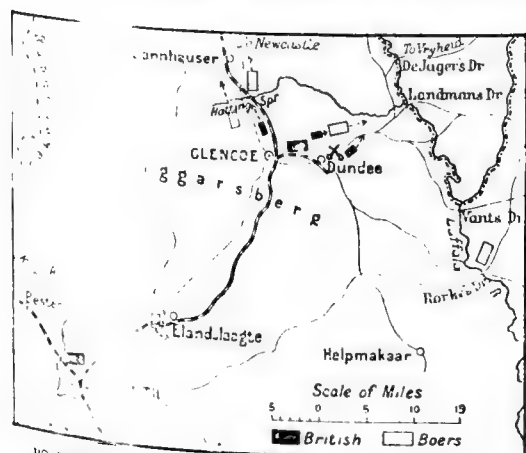
We captured the Boer camp, with tents, waggon, horses, and two guns. Their leader Viljoen had been killed, General Kock had died of his wounds; while among our wounded prisoners were Pretorius, the son of the patriarch, and Colonel Schiel, the redoubtable German officer who had organised the Boer artillery, and who, prior to leaving Pretoria for the front at the head of the "German legion," had telegraphed to Berlin for the blessing of the Kaiser on its warlike exploits—a prayer which had thus been answered in this unexpectedly cruel manner. The sight of the Boer dead and wounded on the hill-side, says one correspondent, was terrible. What the Boer losses, both at Dundee and Elands Laagte, were, is not exactly known; but at the latter action the British loss was forty-two killed and 205 wounded, total 247, of whom the Gordons had the honour of contributing 118 officers and men, or nearly a half of the whole, out of the strength of only four companies. Colonel Dick-Cuningham, a V.C. hero of the Afghan campaign, was almost the first of his half-battalion to fall wounded; while Colonel Scott-Chisholme, of the Imperial Light Horse, was killed in the act of waving on his men. The names of the other officers who fell—either dead or wounded—would fill a column. It was a costly victory, but one worthy of Trafalgar Day. Total British loss in the two battles—480 officers and men killed and wounded, which, with the casualties on the western frontier, bring up the grand aggregate to over 500. At Dundee the casualties were 9 officers killed, and 24 wounded; non-commissioned officers and men 30 killed 164 wounded; total, 227. At Elands Laagte, officers killed 5, wounded 30; non-commissioned officers and men, 37 killed, 185 wounded and missing; total, 257—grand total, 484 killed and wounded in the two battles. Some of the wounded officers and men have already died.

After both battles, the Boer wounded were treated by us quite as tenderly as our own; and that Brigadier Yule assumed this humanity on our own part would be fully reciprocated by the Boers—who are also parties to the Geneva Convention—was proved by the fact that,

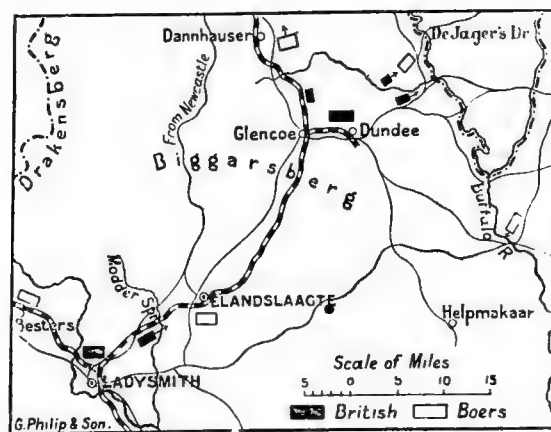


POSITION OF FORCES BEFORE THE BATTLE OF DUNDEE, OCTOBER 19

On a ridge about 200 yards from the enemy, whose guns at once were soon silenced, and our infantry advanced bravely with a threatening movement of the Light Horse on the Boer left, and two squadrons of the 5th Lancers in support. The action

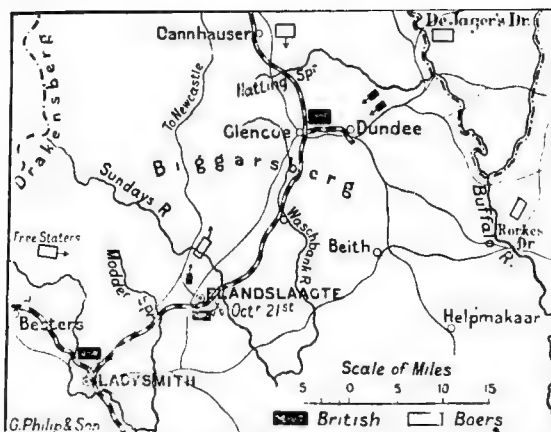


POSITION OF FORCES AFTER THE BATTLE OF DUNDEE, OCTOBER 20



POSITION OF FORCES BEFORE THE BATTLE OF ELANDS LAAGTE, NOON, OCTOBER 21

on the arrival of our Army Corps at the Cape and its northward movement on three lines respectively from Cape Town (1st Division, Lord Methuen's), Port Elizabeth (2nd Division, Clery's, and East London (3rd Division, Gatacre's). For according to all present appearances, that would seem to be the intended strategy of the campaign.



POSITION OF FORCES AFTER THE BATTLE OF ELANDS LAAGTE, EVENING, OCTOBER 21



One of the effects of war is to stimulate recruiting. The stirring sight of troops leaving for the front no doubt has something to do with the enthusiasm of the would-be recruits. All classes seem to be represented who desire to wear the Queen's uniform

THE WAR AND THE QUEEN'S SHILLING: A SCENE OUTSIDE ST. GEORGE'S BARRACKS

DRAWN BY LANCE CALKIN



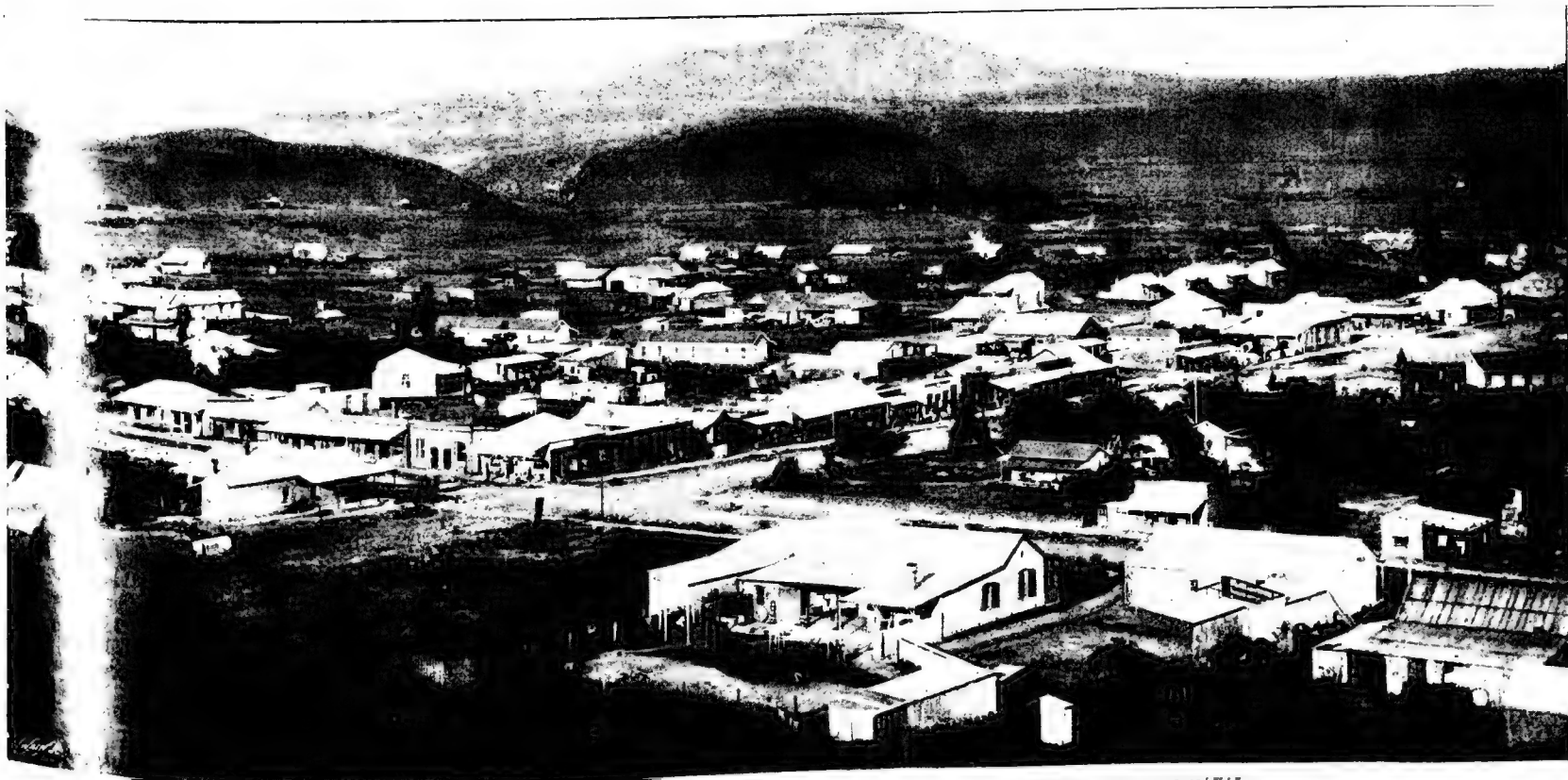


NEWCASTLE, IN NATAL, NEAR THE TRANSVAAL BORDER, OCCUPIED BY THE BOERS



Amajuba Farm, where the Convention of 1831 was signed

AMAJUBA HILL, THE SCENE OF GENERAL COLLEY'S DEFEAT IN 1831, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE BOERS

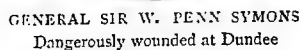


LADYSMITH, THE ALDERSHOT OF SOUTH AFRICA: THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH FORCE IN NATAL

THE WAR: SCENES NEAR THE FRONTIER

From Photographs by Henry Kisch, Durban

GENERAL SIR PENN SYMONS, who has been dangerously wounded at Dundee, is at once one of the most brilliant and the soundest



that post, and was rewarded at the end of the expedition with a K.C.B. He had under his command at Tirah two of the finest

Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Gunning, of the 1st King's Royal Rifles, who was killed while gallantly leading his regiment at the storming of the Boer position near Dundee, on Friday, served with the 3rd Battalion of regiment in the Zulu War of 1879, and was present at the battles of Gingindhlova and the relief of Ekowe in that campaign. He afterwards served as adjutant of the battalion during the operations of Clarke's Column. Later, in 1891-2, he commanded a column in the operations in the Chin Hills during the Burmese Expedition in 1891-2. Our portrait is by J. Edwards, Hyde Park.

Colonel John James Scott Chisholme, who was killed in the action at Elands Laagte, was born in August, 1851, and received his first appointment in the 9th Lancers in January, 1872. He was made a captain in March, 1878, and acted as adjutant of the 9th Lancers from November, 1882, to December, 1884; was made a major in March, 1881, lieutenant-colonel in August, 1894, and colonel in August, 1898. He acted as military secretary to the Governor of Madras from August, 1888, to January, 1891. Colonel Chisholme served in the Afghan War, 1878-79-80, at the battle of Ali Musjid, at the action of Siah Sung, when he was severely wounded, and in affairs around Kabul and Sherpur, where he was also wounded. For these services he was mentioned in the despatches and received a medal with clasp, and was made a brevet-major. His services in the present war had taken the form of the creation of the Imperial Light Horse, of which he was the commandant. The men, the majority of whom were refugees from the Rand, had been brought to a fine standard of discipline under his hands.

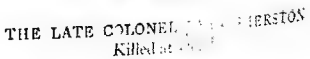
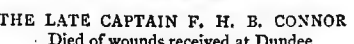
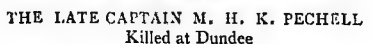
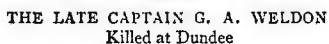
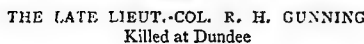
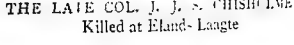
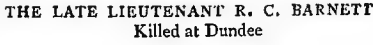
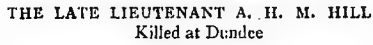
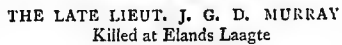
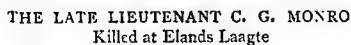
Lieutenant R. C. Barnett, 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, who was killed at the battle of Dundee, entered the regiment at the age of twenty in 1896. Our portrait is by W. Coles, Watford.

wounded at the battle of Dundee and has since died, served with the Waziristan Field Force under Sir William Lockhart in 1894-5 as Assistant Chief Commissariat Officer. He had been captain of his regiment since September last. He was wounded at the battle of Dundee on the 20th inst., and subsequently died of his wounds. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Lieutenant Charles Gordon Monro, of the 2nd Black Watch (Gordon Highlanders), who was killed at the battle of Elançs, 1891, 21st inst., joined his regiment in June, 1892, as second lieutenant, and became lieutenant in 1896. Our portrait is by Jernard, 10, St. Street.

Second Lieutenant J. G. D. Murray, 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, killed at Elands Laagte, was only attached to the regiment in March last. He was formerly a lieutenant in the Royal Guernsey Militia.

VERY opportunely is published the seventh edition of "The Guide to South Africa" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), which is edited by A. Samber Brown and G. Gordon Brown, of the Castle Mail Packet Company. The book, always useful, is still so now, as it contains what is practically a gazetteer. There, though compiled for the use of tourists, sportsmen, invalids, and soldiers, it is a valuable help when one is using the war map. Graham, Vryburg, Dundee, and other places mentioned in telegrams and in the seat of war are described, with abundant information as to routes and distances from other places. The brief histories of Cape Colony, the Transvaal, the Free State, and other countries, brought well up to date, give an excellent view of the long struggle for supremacy in



THE PRICE OF VICTORY: HEROES OF THE BATTLES OF DUNDEE AND ELANDS LAAGT

fighting regiments in both our English and native armies in India, namely, the Queen's and the 3rd Sikhs, and he has been heard to say that he did not know which was the better of the two. After the end of the expedition General Symons held command of the camp at Jamrud during the negotiations with the Afridis, which led to their paying in their fine of rifles and rupees, and to the settlement of the Khyber Pass under its present conditions. In recognition of his distinguished gallantry at Dundee it was announced on Monday that the Queen had been pleased to approve of the promotion of Colonel (local Lieutenant-General) Sir W. P. Symons, K.C.B., commanding 4th Division Natal Field Force, to be Major-General, Supernumerary to the Establishment. According to the latest reports, General Symons is progressing favourably, the bullet having been extracted.

Colonel John Sherston, D.S.O., of the Rifle Brigade, who was killed at the battle of Dundee, or Glencoe, was a nephew of Lord Roberts, and was with him as aide-de camp in the second Afghan campaign. He was at the engagement at Charahsiah, in the operations round Cabul in 1879, and the famous march to Candahar. In 1881 he was in the Mahsood Wuzerce expedition to Burmah as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General. Several times mentioned in despatches, Colonel Sherston received the Distinguished Service Order at the close of the Burmah campaign, and in 1898 he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General in Bengal. Our portrait is by Johnston and Hoffman, Calcutta.

Captain George Anthony Weldon, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who was killed at Dundee, joined his regiment from the Militia in 1886, attaining his company nine years later. He served in the Burmese expedition of 1887-89 and was in his thirty-fourth year. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Second Lieutenant A. H. M. Hill, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, who was killed at Dundee, was appointed to his regiment from the 4th (Militia) Battalion last May. Our portrait is by Werner and Son, Dublin.

Captain M. H. K. Pechell, 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, who was killed at the Battle of Dundee, had served in five previous campaigns, although only just thirty-two years of age. He joined the Army as a second Lieutenant in the Royal Irish Rifles in 1888, being transferred to the K.R.R.C. a few months later. In 1891 he served in both the Hazara and Miranzai expeditions, in 1895 in the Chitral relief operations, and in 1898 with the Nile expedition, for his services in which he was mentioned in despatches. In 1897 Captain Pechell was selected for employment in the Egyptian Army, but had recently rejoined his regiment. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Captain and Adjutant Frederick H. Bourne Connor, of the 1st Battalion Princess Victoria's (Royal Irish Fusiliers), who was

**South Africa.** A good word is also due to the editor of which there are a dozen. Thorough without being pedantic, it contains in its 420 pages an astonishing amount of valuable information, admirably arranged and easy of reference.

A QUESTION OF FOOD.—One of the most important features of this great ship, says *The Golden Penny*, is the course of which will be an article on the *Oceanic*; it is the amount of food import from Liverpool to New York and return. One of the most important items is meat. The consumption of beef on board the *Oceanic* is as great as on most passenger steamships, will be about 35,000 lb. of mutton. This would make about 35,000 lb. of joints at 17,000lb. of mutton. About 500lb. of joints are required for each bullock weighing 800lb. or 850lb.; 66 bullocks would be required, of 800lb. or 850lb weight each, to supply the beef stored for the round voyage of the *Oceanic*. For joints per sheep carcass, the number of sheep required would be 283. This, with lamb, veal, and pork, and 50 pigs, totals up to rather over 5,000lb. of butcher's meat per day. Two thousand five hundred pounds of coffee and tea will be laid in store for the round voyage.

THE PORTRAIT of "Frederick Duke of York," painted in the article on British Commanders-in-Chief in our last issue, was from the painting by the late John Jackson, R.A.



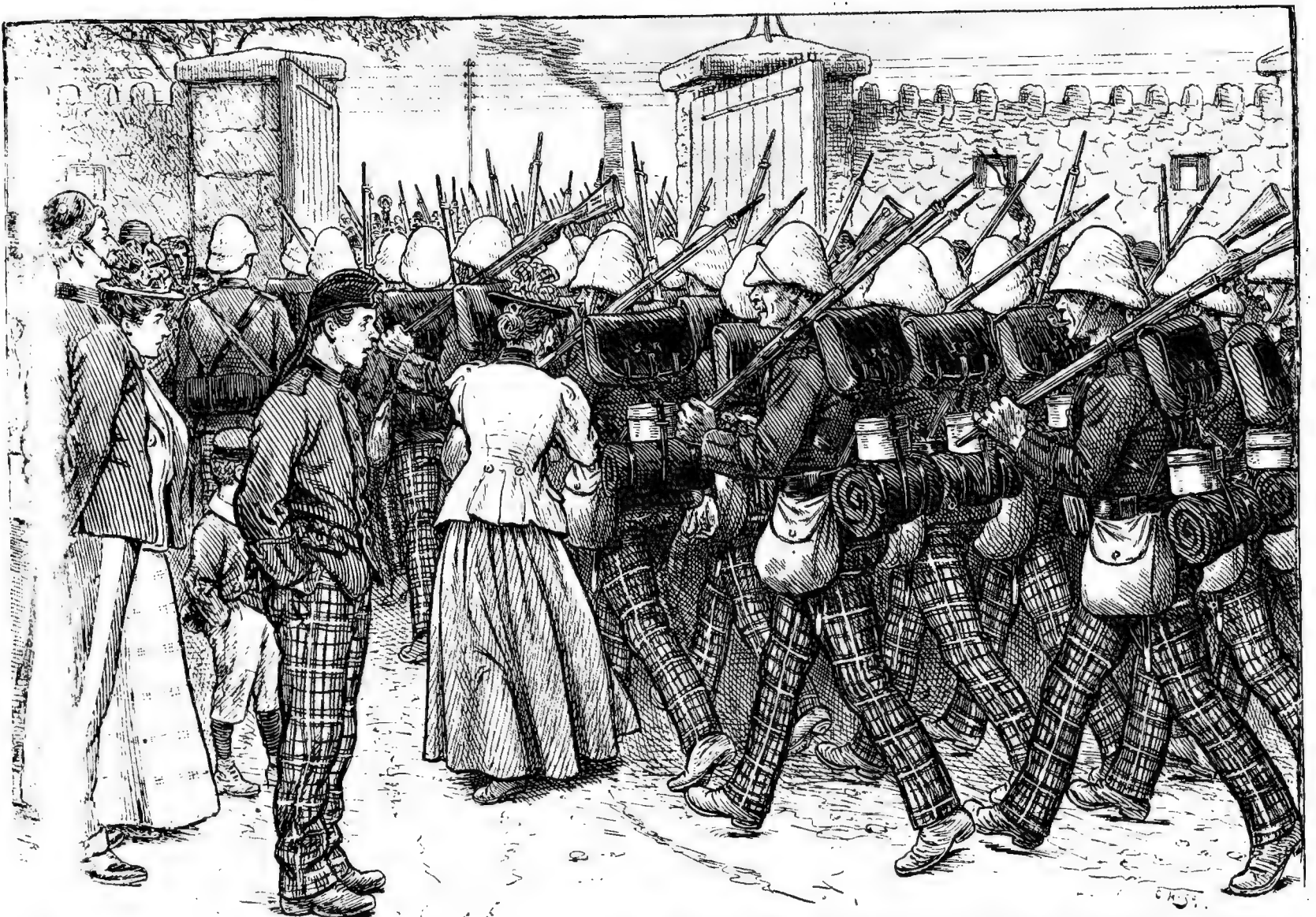


DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

Among many units which embarked at Southampton on Sunday was the 2nd Royal Fusiliers. They sailed in the *Pavonia*. Our illustration shows them in the railway shed while waiting to embark, eagerly devouring the Sunday papers with details of the battle of Elands Laagte

NEWS OF VICTORY: THE ARRIVAL OF THE SUNDAY PAPERS AT SOUTHAMPTON



The greatest enthusiasm was displayed by the people of Glasgow on the departure of the 2nd Battalion Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) for South Africa. After being inspected at Maryhill Barracks the battalion marched through the city to the troopship *City of Cambridge*, headed by the mounted detachment of the 1st Lanark

Volunteers and the band of the 1st, 3rd, and 4th Lanark Volunteers. Some 100,000 people lined the route and cheered the men very heartily

FROM GLASGOW TO THE FRONT: THE DEPARTURE OF THE 2ND CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES)

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

# The Boers and their Suzerain

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE TRANSVAAL

### PART II.

THE story of the Transvaal as it at present exists begins with about the period of the Crimean War, since which time the Boers have governed themselves, save in the years 1877-80, when the Transvaal was in the hands of the British. Mr. Lacy, who knows the Transvaal Boers well enough by long life amongst them to be aware that they are by no means all God-fearing patriarchs, describes their whole existence as "one long succession of raids upon their neighbours, black and white." "Putting aside their numerous raids on the Matabele, the Zulus, the Bakwains, the Lamangwato, the Barolongs, the Griquas, the Basutos, the Bapedi, the Shangaans, the Swazis, the 'Knobnoses,' and many other coloured tribes, in 1842 they raided Durban; in 1848 they attacked the English community at Bloemfontein; in 1852 they attacked and destroyed Livingstone's station at Sechilli's; in later years they seized upon what was really English territory in Zululand; in the early eighties they raided Stellaland and Goshenland, and had to be turned out by Sir Charles Warren; and in 1897 they attempted to raid Charterland (Rhodesia), and were only prevented by the tact, patience, and bravery of"—Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, hero of the "Jameson Raid" of the closing days of 1895! But this is anticipating.

In its early days the Transvaal Republic had no milch cow in the shape of a group of gold mines worked by Uitlanders. As early as 1854 gold was discovered, but the Republican Government, apprehensive of being swamped by arrivals seeking fortune, forbade further prospecting under a heavy penalty! For many years the "South African Republic," as its founders had ambitiously named it, had to struggle to stave off bankruptcy. In the days when we were occupied with the Crimean War the Transvaal and the Orange Free State were by no means a loving couple, and the effort to unite them caused strife. In 1860, when Pretorius, the first Transvaal President, became President of the Free State, a civil war followed which lasted two years, as many as eight burghers being killed and a large number wounded in one fight. Pretorius finally fixed his affections on the Northern Republic, of which he was re-elected President in 1864. If it was who, by claiming Delagoa Bay as part of the Transvaal's dominions, raised the dispute between Great Britain and Portugal as to the ownership of the Bay, and thus led to the arbitration in which, with our usual luck, we lost the Bay by the award of the French President, Marshal MacMahon, in 1875. It was at this time that the Rev. T. J. Burgers, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, from the Cape, was elected President. He was a man of progressive ideas—introduced European principles in education, endeavoured to raise a European loan, tried to make a railway to Delagoa Bay, and so on. Perhaps it was his progressiveness which caused many of the Boers to dislike him and start trekking again. To add to his troubles, the chief of the Bapedi tribe, Secocoeni, rose in rebellion, and successfully resisted the Boer commando sent to reduce him to submission.

### THE ANNEXATION AND THE REVOLT

The last straw was annexation of the Republic by the British. Mr. John Morley is wholly mistaken in supposing that Sir Bartle Frere had anything to do with that event. The Cape histories put it down to Lord Carnarvon, who having become a convert to the scheme of South African Confederation mooted by Sir George Grey when High Commissioner at Cape Town, was not willing to be balked by what he deemed trifles in bringing about so desirable a remedy for disunion. Lord Carnarvon's first step was to send out Mr. Froude, the historian—some of his experience may be read in his fascinating book "Oceana." Barkis, in the shape of the Cape, not being then willin'—the Cape has often been Laodicean when Imperial schemes were afoot—Lord Carnarvon sent out Sir Theophilus Shepstone, a Natalian colonist, to try what he could do in the Transvaal. Shepstone arrived in Pretoria on January 22, 1877—only twenty-two years or so away from us—and as the Queen's Special Commissioner speedily received petitions for annexation or intervention from various parts of the country. President Burgers summoned the Volksraad in extraordinary session to lay before the members this alternative:—

A radical reform of the whole Constitution, legislative, executive, and judicial; that the burghers must loyally, promptly, and vigorously act up to their legal obligations, and support the Government of their own choosing; or else accept Confederation with the other South African States and Colonies under the British flag.

The burghers, sorely reluctant, chose reform, drew up a new Constitution, ordered payment of arrear taxes, and formed a Ministry, and then went home. And then, on April 12, 1877, Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the country. Paul Kruger and Dr. Jorissen went to England to protest; and later on, in 1878, Kruger, Joubert (the present general) and Bok went again to London, carrying a memorial with 6,591 signatures, but their prayer was not granted. It is curious and significant that both Kruger and Jorissen on their return took office under the British Government. In point of fact, the Boers were secretly preparing to revolt, but kept their preparations carefully in the dark. When, however, Sir T. Shepstone was withdrawn, and Sir W. O. Lanyon appointed in his place, rebellion broke out. Firstly, the Boers began to resist the officers of the High Court and refuse to pay their taxes. On December 10, 1879, a mass meeting passed resolutions to boycott the Imperial officers and repudiate the Queen's sovereignty. Sir Garnet Wolseley was relieved in March, 1880, by Sir George Colley, and the Boers became quiet in hope of relief from the Government of Mr. Gladstone, but nothing came, and so at last they massed at Paardekraal in December, and set up their Republic, with Kruger, Joubert and Pretorius as a Triumvirate, Dr. Jorissen as State Attorney, and Joubert, "Slieim," or crafty "Piet," as Commandant-General.

### THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

The *vierkleur*, the flag of the Republic, was hoisted at Heidelberg on December 16, 1880, the anniversary known as Dingaan's Day in memory of the *voortrekkers'* defeat of the Zulu chief Dingaan. Three commandos, or bodies of armed burghers, were despatched from Paardekraal—one to Heidelberg, one to Potchefstroom, to get the proclamation printed, and one to intercept the 94th Regiment, known to be on its way from Lydenburg to

Pretoria. The War of Independence opened—if we except the stopping of a patrol and the seizure of Heidelberg, which was undefended—with the attack on this ill-fated regiment at Bronkhorst Spruit, a defile filled with boulders in the bed of a "spruit" or stream that sometimes carries all before it in flood but which is usually dry. One crosses the melancholy scene of the tragedy in passing from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay by rail. The guide-book of the district says, "Without any declaration of hostility the Boers, concealed behind the boulders in the neighbourhood of the road, shot down a detachment of the 94th Regiment, numbering 270 persons, under Colonel Anstruther. All but twenty men and one officer fell within a few minutes. The dead lie buried near the scene of action." He was marching with his band playing, it is said, and one can imagine the consternation of his men as they were crossing the spruit, probably hot and fatigued, and with their rifles slung at their backs, when reports rang out from behind the big stones and bullets fell like a storm of deadly hail. It was, in truth, not a fight but a massacre, a gigantic assassination. The only redeeming feature is the humane treatment by the Boers of the seven officers and ninety-one men who were wounded.

Sir George Colley, then in Natal as Governor, at once set out with what force he could collect to enter the Transvaal. He was forestalled at the pass through the border mountains by General Joubert, the Boer Commander, who did not shrink from invading Natal, taking up a strong position at Laing's Nek. This position Colley, on January 28, 1881, endeavoured to storm. The attacking party, numbering 1,100 men, was headed by Colonel Deane. It was by no means equal to the task. Commander Komilly's despatch says that "Colonel Deane, with splendid gallantry, tried to carry the hill by a rush. His horse was shot, but he extricated himself, and, dashing forward on foot, fell riddled with bullets, ten yards in front of the foremost man." The attack was repulsed, and one account says that the Boers, sitting down as the soldiers went back down the hill, shot them "like rabbits." Nevertheless, the 58th, supported by part of the 60th, fell back leisurely, without haste or confusion, re-formed at the foot of the hill, and marched back into position in good order. All the staff and mounted officers and 190 rank and file had been shot down.

The night before Laing's Nek, Joubert replied to Colley's summons to dismiss by a letter in which he said, *inter alia*:—"We must emphatically repeat that we are willing to assist in respect of the wishes of the Imperial Government for the Confederation of South Africa. . . . We would be satisfied with the cancellation of the annexation and the restoration of the South African Republic under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, so that once a year the British flag shall be hoisted." That disposition disappeared after the "stricken field."

On February 8 followed the affair of Ingogo Heights. As General Colley, with 300 men, was marching between his camp at Mount Prospect and the town of Newcastle, he was attacked by the Boers, four officers being killed and three wounded, and 150 men killed or wounded.

The Battle of Majuba Hill—the "Hill of Doves"—was in the same unlucky neighbourhood. Majuba is a gloomy mountain on the frontier, overlooking the road from Natal to the Transvaal near the pass of Laing's Nek. On the night of February 26 General Colley left his camp at Mount Prospect with 600 men, and climbed the fatiguing slope of the Hill to the top, which is not quite flat, but somewhat hollowed out like a rough saucer. Here 400 of the men were posted, and, as they say in Natal, fell asleep after their tiring climb through the night. In the early morning the Boers in the camp below were dismayed by the discovery that the redcoats had occupied a spot thus commanding their camp. They were actually on the point of taking to their waggons, when a bold spirit conceived the idea of scaling the mountain on the steep side next themselves, and making an effort by way of forlorn hope to dislodge the soldiers. A hundred and fifty volunteers swarmed up the hill, making as little noise, and as much use of cover, as was possible. The troops were thrown into confusion, and began to retire, and although they fought stubbornly against the sharpshooters above them, they were driven down the hill with deplorable slaughter. Sir George Colley, six other officers, and ninety men were killed, and two hundred wounded and captured, whilst the Boers allege that they lost only one man killed and five wounded. It was not cowardice that lost the fight. Three companies of the 92nd Highlanders, the regiment most distinguished in the Candahar march, were at Majuba. Here are two incidents recorded in the official despatch:—

"While the Boers closed with our troops near the wells, Corporal Farmer held a white flag over the wounded, and when the arm holding the flag was shot through he called out that he had 'another.' He then raised the flag with the other arm and continued to do so until that also was pierced by a bullet."

"A Scotchman in the Boer ranks called upon Private Murray to surrender. The latter replied, 'I'll see you d—d first,' and jumped down, receiving a bullet wound in the arm. Half way down the hill his knee fell out of joint, but, obtaining the assistance of a comrade to restore it to place, he returned at six o'clock with his rifle and side-arms to camp."

It is computed that in this and the other encounters of the war the British loss was 800 officers and men, whilst the Boers had but eighteen killed and thirty-three wounded. Compared with the carnage of European war the total is small; the defeats have been ridiculously overrated by the more ignorant of the Boers and their toadies. But the lesson was certainly sharp.

### SINCE RETROCESSION

Most authorities hold that Sir Evelyn Wood had the Boers at his mercy when he agreed to terms with them on March 21, 1881. By that time he had 10,000 men in position, to avenge their comrades' blood, whilst General Roberts had reached Cape Town and 10,000 more troops were on the way. But the orders from home admitted of no retaliation. Mr. Gladstone gave back the country; President Brand in the Free State and Mr. Hofmeyr at the Cape used their efforts for peace; and by the Convention of Pretoria, signed on April 5, 1881, Her Majesty's Commissioners guaranteed that from August 8, "complete self-government, subject to the suzerainty of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors," should be accorded to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory, subject to certain reservations. For example of the reservations, Article II. reserves to Her Majesty, her heirs and successors "(a) the right to appoint a British resident in and for the above State, with such duties and functions as are hereinafter defined; (b) the right to move troops through the said State in time of war or in case of the apprehension of immediate war between the Suzerain Power and any foreign State or native tribe in South Africa; and (c) the control of the external relations of the said State, including the conclusion of treaties and the conduct of diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers, such

intercourse to be carried on through Her Majesty's diplomatic and consular officers abroad." Had this Convention remained in force, we should not have had Dr. Leyds trotting about Europe to enlist the aid of enterprising Powers in ousting the British Imperial Government from our rightful possessions in South Africa. But everyone knows the Boer delegates, Mr. Kruger, General Smith, the Rev. S. J. Du Toit, who came to London, succeeded in getting Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone to carry still further the policy of renunciation, and in the London Convention of 1884 the word "Suzerainty" disappears, whilst the control of foreign policy is reduced to a veto. Had the Boers been wise, they would have been content with such a remarkable and unmistakable proof of our good intentions towards them, and would have withdrawn instead of repelling our co-operation in developing the many mineral riches the Uitlanders have shown the Transvaal to possess. Unfortunately, since the discovery of the Witwatersrand two years after the London Convention was signed, they seem to set their heart upon cultivating the friendship and assistance of our rivals rather than ourselves, and have ended at last in making the frog of the fable by puffing out their cheeks announcing themselves to the world as a "Sovereign International State," and entering upon war with the most powerful and wealthy Empire in the world.

### Books in Brief

DR. BRANDES is a critic of such high standing that it would be a work of supererogation on our part to give an opinion on a critical essay of his, more particularly when, as in this case, the subjects of his essays are men of whose work he has made a lifelong study. In the present work, "Henrik Ibsen, Bjornstjerne Bjornson" (Heinemann), Dr. Brandes publishes three "Impressions" of Ibsen and his work, and between the writing of each "Impression" there was an interval of sixteen years. No English book on Ibsen could be considered complete which did not include some words from Mr. William Archer, and we cannot do better than quote part of the "Introduction" he contributes to this volume. He writes:—"I can remember no other instance in which a critic, having followed the work of a great poet from practically the outset of the poet's career, has made, so to speak, a journal of his impressions and republished them at last, with no correction or modification of any moment, simply in the chronological order of their original appearance. This is what Dr. Brandes has done. His book is thus not a focussed appreciation of the whole of Ibsen by the whole of Brandes, if I may so express it, but rather a contemporaneously noted record of the ever-developing relation throughout more than thirty years of these two remarkable minds." Personally, we think that Englishmen as a whole are too optimistically inclined to allow of Ibsen ever becoming popular in this country. "Ibsen," says Dr. Brandes, "looks upon the life of the present day with the eye of a pessimist, not a pessimist in the sense that melancholy is his muse, his work a lamentation on the hapless lot of humanity, and his inspiration a deep sense of the tragedy inherent in the mere fact of human existence, but a pessimist whose pessimism is of a moral character akin to contempt and indignation. He does not bemoan, he indicts." As a nation we are too healthy-minded (Ibsenites might say conceited) to see nothing but bad in humanity. In comparing Ibsen and Flaubert Dr. Brandes says:—"Ibsen says the average man is small, egoistical, and pitiful. In Flaubert's eyes man is bad because he is stupid, in Ibsen's he is stupid because he is bad." And we might add, in ours, he might be worse. However, whatever we think of Ibsen's idea of humanity, it does not alter the fact that Dr. Brandes' criticism on both Ibsen and Bjornson is a masterly piece of work.

From a good Catholic's point of view, the "Life of Pope Leo XIII.," by Julien de Narfon, translated from the French by G. A. Raper (Chapman and Hall), may be all that is desirable, but to most of us it will appear rather too panegyric. Nevertheless, it contains a wonderful amount of information regarding His Holiness—his youth, education, his rise, and his life in the Vatican. One would think, from the author's account, that Vincenzo Pecci was predestined to rise to be head of the Roman Catholic Church. He sees in every action of the child some sign of his future greatness. For instance, he quotes a letter from the child's mother, in which she says the boy has a passion for horses, he rides on a chair without holding on, and on one occasion leads his horse to the fountain, and says "Woa!" like a grown-up rider. The author's comment on this is: "The child is full of character; it may not be too much to say that one of the characteristic traits of the great Pope is discernible in the little Leo, who, whilst in leading his uncle's horse all by himself." That is very well, but it is going rather too far when the author compares the accession of Mgr. Pecci, on his appointment to the Bishopric of Perugia, when he was conducted to the cathedral, the Pope rising all in the civil and religious officials, and the University, in his insignia, robes, Mgr. Pecci wearing his mitre and full papal baldachin, riding on a horse caparisoned with white, and a train of children carried by eight attendants, over his head, and a canopy of gold, to the belonging to the best families strewing flowers in his path, to the entry of Christ into Jerusalem on an ass. The book contains a great number of interesting illustrations.

We should strongly advise all sportsmen, big game hunters in particular, to read Mr. F. Vaughan Kirby's (Macmillan) "Sport in East Central Africa" (Rowland Ward). It is a book of every point of view. The author has travelled all over East Central Africa, and for that reason travellers and sportsmen should read the book. He has shot elephants, rhinoceroses, hippos, and all kinds of big game, and he tells us in a way that hunters turn green with envy, and beyond this he tells of every description. The book abounds in anecdotes of an entertaining description. Yet, Mr. Kirby, a true sportsman, is very severe on the men who kill for sport, and reminds other hunters that it is their duty to be humane and far-reaching scheme for the preservation of big game.

"The Rise of Portuguese Power in India" (1497-1500) by R. S. Whiteway (Constable) is undoubtedly a valuable book. It is one of the most important of our possessions. The author, who has known of no English book which covers the same ground, has given us not merely a record of the military expeditions, but also the change of Governors, but also the details which tell of the life on the social life, and on the idiosyncrasies of the different rulers. The history of the Portuguese in India is a history of cruelty, bloodshed, and oppression, and it is not surprising that after even so short a period as fifty years their power began to decline. Mr. Whiteway has done his work very thoroughly; the care and pains he has taken to get at reliable authorities must have been enormous, as one can see by the long list of names he mentions.





# The Theatres

MR. GRUNDY'S play, *The Black Tulip*, founded on *La Tulipe Noire* by the elder Dumas, will be produced at the re-opening of the HAYMARKET Theatre this (Saturday) evening. Its scene, as already noted, is laid in Holland in the days of the historical Tulip mania, when William of Orange, afterwards King of England, who is a prominent personage in the play, was a young man of two-and-twenty. Prince William will be played by Mr. Frederick Harrison, the heroine Rosa, daughter of Gryphus, the jailor in the prison at The Hague, by Miss Winifred Emery, and the persecuted hero, Cornelius van Baerle, the tulip amateur, by Mr. Cyril Maude. The play is in five acts, with a like number of changes of scene.

Mr. Louis N. Parker's new play, which is to be produced at the re-opening of TERRY'S Theatre on Monday evening next, is now known as *Captain Birchell's Luck*, and not as *The Featherstones*, as originally intended. Mr. Scott-Buist, who will commence his term of management in the absence of Mr. Edward Terry and his company, will play on this occasion the part of Captain Birchell.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new play, *Miss Hobbs*, which has been produced with success in New York, and will in due time be produced on the London stage, is very favourably spoken of in American papers. From their summaries of the story it appears that the heroine entertains a poor opinion of the male sex, and deems it her duty to warn female acquaintances of the perils of matrimony. With the best intentions she interferes in the domestic differences of a young married couple, and undertakes to cure what she considers to be the infatuation of the wife by captivating her husband, and thus demonstrating his worthlessness. Unluckily for herself, however, the temptress, owing to a mistake of identity, which is described as "plausibly managed," makes love to the wrong man, and is thus caught in her own trap. Miss Annie Russell, who is well remembered by London playgoers by her clever performance in *Sue*, at the GARRICK Theatre two years ago, plays the leading part.

Propos of the striking souvenir of the magnificent revival of *King John* at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, which will shortly be at the disposal of visitors to that house, a correspondent asks whether these publications which record so much that is interesting about the productions of the theatres in these days, find their way to the British Museum library, where they would be available for the use of future historians of the drama and the stage. According to the Literary Copyright Act, a copy of every book sold or offered for sale must within a month be deposited at the British Museum. Our correspondent's question is of some importance, because it is hardly likely that any private person has been able to form and preserve a complete collection of these trifles.

Many persons will be glad to know that there is once more a prospect of a successful revival in London of that popular class of entertainment which is associated with the names of the late Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. Mr. W. G. Elliot, the well-known comedian, will on Thursday next make another commencement at St

GEORGE'S HALL in co-operation with Mr. George Grossmith. The programme will consist of short pieces, entitled *A Modern Craze* and *The Ordeal of the Honeymoon*, followed by Mr. Grossmith with some of his amusing musical recitals.

Mrs. Langtry, with her company, together with Mr. Grundy's play, *The Degenerates*, have migrated from the HAYMARKET to the GARRICK, where they will continue to appear in this piece till some six or seven weeks hence, when Mrs. Langtry is under engagement to return to America. Two important changes in the cast have been made coincidentally with this removal—Mr. Charles Hawtreys has been succeeded by Mr. Fred Kerr, and Mr. Gottschalk by Mr. De Lange. Here it may be noted that Mrs. Langtry has given up—at least for the present—the intention of publishing her autobiography, which till lately was supposed to be in the press.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's new comic opera, which is to succeed the present revival of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, is in active rehearsal. The author of the book is Captain Basil Hood, whose happy knack of rhyming has been already exhibited in *The French Maid* and other

musical pieces. The cast will consist for the most part of performers whose names are associated with the SAVOY stage, but one important recruit will be included in the person of Miss Leach Yaw, the American soprano.

*Floradora*, the new musical play in two acts—looked for by Mr. Owen Hall (author of *The Gisha*), music by Mr. Leslie Scott, will be produced by Mr. Tom B. Davis at the LYRIC Theatre on Wednesday, November 8. The title of the piece is derived from that of an island in cultivation as a flower farm in which the scene of the first act is supposed to pass.

"Cromwell, Mr. Lewis Waller." So far the cast is shadowed of the new historical play on which Mr. Laurence Irving, author of *Peter the Great*, is said to be engaged in collaboration with Mr. Heslewood. The Lord Protector is, of course, no stranger to our stage. Perhaps his strangest reincarnation was in the person of the late Mr. Belmore, who, much to the surprise of the playing public, was chosen to play Cromwell in the original production of Mr. Willis's *Charles I.* at the LYCEUM.



This design was prepared for the cover of the Toast List at the Annual Oyster Feast, which took place at Colchester on Wednesday, with the Mayor, Alderman Edwin J. Sanders, in the Chair

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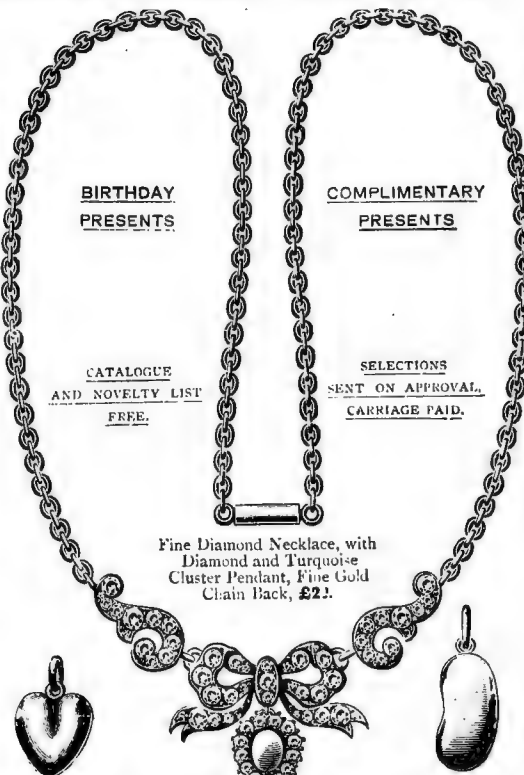
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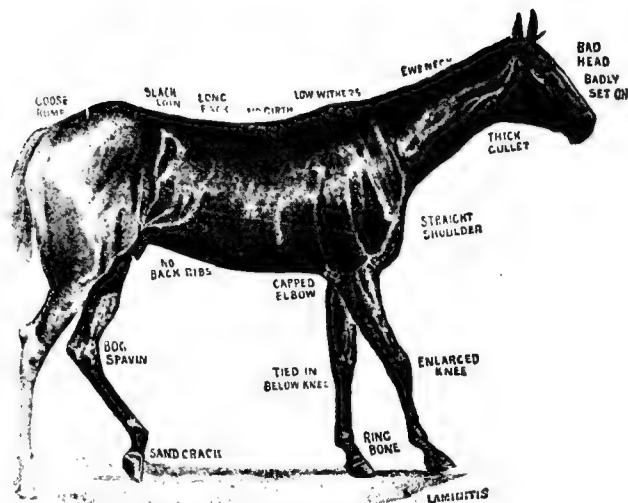
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"A Russian Province of the North." By Alexander Platonovich Engelhardt. Translated from the Russian by Henry Cooke. (Constable.)



AFTERNOON BLOUSE

Of Nile blue panne, tucked and stitched. Vest and insertions of quipure, and tie ends of same. Hat of tuck velvet same hue, and black plumes

wishes it to be, an interesting supplement to those books on Northern Russia by Mr. F. G. Jackson, Mr. Trevor-Battye and others.

The vast, almost untravelled district extending from Norway in the west, along the coast of the Arctic Ocean to Siberia in the east, and known to us as the province of Archangel, and of which the author of this volume is the Governor, is at the present time, to all intents and purposes, an undeveloped country. The few roads it possesses are impassable during the long winter months, and of railways there are none to speak of. The natural riches of the province are immense. "The rich and varied fisheries of the Murman (Lapland) coast, the White Sea, and the Gulf of Mezen would of themselves, if properly worked, be sufficient to provide the central and eastern parts of Russia, including both capitals, with cheap and excellent fish. The district of the Petchova, the islands of Kolgueff, Vaigatch, and Novaya Zemlia abound with fur-bearing animals, while the Arctic Ocean and Kara Sea teem with every kind of seal and marine animal. The vast natural and mineral riches of the country—naphtha, for instance, and salt springs, silver, lead, copper, and iron ores—still lie untouched," whilst there are more than 88,000,000 acres of Crown Forest, which might easily be made a substantial and permanent item of foreign trade and State revenue. The author tells us that at one time the province, both commercially and industrially, was most prosperous, and its trade continued to extend as long as the means of communication inland were in a more or less primitive condition. The produce of the eastern parts of Russia, grain, flax, &c., found its way to the nearest natural port of Archangel, the fishing, marine, and animal industries providing return cargoes. But as communication improved throughout the whole of Russia, excepting the north, the products of the Volga provinces, owing to the greater cheapness and rapidity of transport, flowed to the Baltic and Black Sea ports, or else towards the eastern boundaries of Russia.

Then, again, the Province of Archangel is not able to raise enough grain for its own consumption, and between two and three million poods have to be imported every year. This grain, previous to the opening of the Vologda Archangel Railway, had to be sent by river, or by road. The shallowness of the rivers, the dangers of navigation, and other circumstances entailing risks and delays in the transport, demanded a considerable outlay for at least a year in advance. Here, naturally, the grain-holders and monopolists stepped in, with the result that the poor consumer had to suffer. The rise in prices forced the traders and fishermen of the north to disburse the greater part of their earnings for grain alone. "Thus," says the author, "the most pressing needs are the development of the various trades and industries on the one hand, and the cheapening of grain on the other. All the measures taken by the Government to accomplish these ends have, so far, merely succeeded in rendering temporary assistance; and, therefore, especially when we take into consideration the enormous distances between the different trading localities, and the brief period of time available for work in these Arctic regions, we are forced to the conclusion that nothing can revive the wellbeing of the country, and open up its natural riches, but improved means of transit, leading to closer and prompter business intercourse. In a word, the construction of railways, telegraph lines, together with the extension of steamboat communication, has now become absolutely essential to the commercial and industrial life of the whole province."

Mr. Engelhardt, naturally, writes from the point of view of a Russian official, and regards all the advantages of which he speaks as a means of increasing the revenue of the province; but, at the same time, he shows that capitalists would have a good chance of getting a good return for their money, if properly handled. At the present day, all the trade of the country seems to be in the hands of a few monopolists.

The book contains numerous photographs and maps, and is so well translated that it shows no sign of having been written in a foreign language.



FUR WRAP

Chinchilla cape, with tie of pale grey chiffon. Hat of silk beaver, with scarf with fringed ends

**EARS SOAP**

Two pears are shown below the text.

95

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## Music

## DEATH OF SIGNOR FOLI

THE popular basso, Signor Foli, died very suddenly on Friday night last week at Southport, and in the presence of Mr. Tillett and other friends he was buried there on Tuesday. On the Saturday previous to his death he had been to Liverpool to see off by the boat Miss Clara Butt and Mr. Vert, who then sailed for America on a tour. He caught a chill on the landing-stage, and this speedily developed into double pneumonia, from which on the Friday he died, at the age of sixty-four. Allan James Foley, to give him his real name, was a native of Tipperary, and a carpenter, who emigrated to America, and there discovered a voice which



THE LATE SIGNOR FOLI

was trained in Naples under Bisaccia. He came out as an opera singer in Italy, and thence worked his way to Paris, where in 1865 he was engaged by Mr. Mapleson, who brought him out at the old Her Majesty's Theatre as St. Bris, in *Les Huguenots*. For something like a quarter of a century Foli was principal basso at Her Majesty's Opera, either at Drury Lane or Her Majesty's, and on tour in the provinces and in the United States. During this time he sang, it is said, parts in upwards of sixty operas. He had a magnificent voice, extending from E below the line to F, but his production was rather rough, and he never was a great actor. During his early days also he sang frequently in oratorio from the time when, in 1866, he appeared with Mr. Santley in a performance of *Israel in Egypt*, given by the National Choral Society at the old St. Martin's Hall. He likewise sang at most of the Festivals. Of late years, however, he has confined himself mainly to ballads, in which he was extremely popular, both in town and country. Foli, whose taste for carpentering in an amateur form lasted almost to the day of his death, was a frequent operator upon the Stock Exchange, and it is understood he has left a good deal of money, which, as Madame Rosita Foli is provided for by an annuity, will by his will, be divided among his brothers and sisters. Foli was extremely popular, both with the public and with his colleagues. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

## "SAN TOY" AT DALY'S

*San Toy*, by Messrs. Edward Morton and Sidney Jones, with which Daly's Theatre re-opened on Saturday, will probably be a far better piece a few weeks hence, when its first act has been greatly compressed, and when the music has been brightened and the fun of the libretto has been more developed. At present the humour consists mainly in the pigeon-English of a Chinese servant, Li, a part capably played by Mr. Huntley Wright. The story, a more sensible one than usual, deals with a young Chinese lady, San Toy, who, in order to escape service in the Emperor's Bodyguard, is made to dress as a boy, in much the same way as Peggy Moody in the old comedy. Boy as Miss Marie Tempest may pretend to be, and charming as she looks in her Chinese jacket and pantomime tights, two people are not deceived as to her sex, namely, the villain of the piece, a Chinese student who is in love with her, and the hero, a young British officer (a part played by Mr. Hayden Coffin), who, it need hardly be said, ultimately becomes her husband. *San Toy* is taken to Peking, apparently for no better reason than that she shall appear in the very handsome uniform of an officer of a Guard of Chinese Amazons, formed to protect the Emperor from the wiles of the English ladies—foreign she-devils. *San Toy*, at Peking, nearly becomes the wife of the Emperor, but is saved by the jealousy of the Dowager Empress.

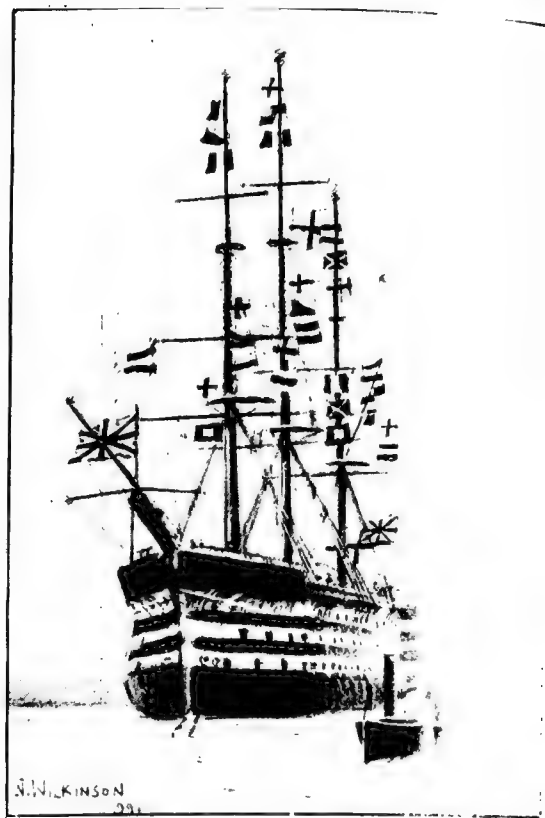
All this, of course, is more or less the excuse for brilliant spectacle, for songs and dances, and for bright processions and tableaux displaying the glories of the Chinese dresses and uniforms, of which Mr. George Edwardes and his subordinates have been extremely lavish. The review of the Amazon Guards and the Festival of the Full Moon are only two of the delightful situations with which the piece abounds. The music needs a good deal more variety, but it is melodious enough, and, although the style may be familiar to the frequenters of DALY'S and the Gaiety, the songs and duets given to Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Hayden Coffin are worthy of Mr. Jones's celebrity. It is true that more than one of the *dramatis personæ* and some of the lyrical numbers, both as to words and music, may open up reminiscences, for the Mandarin himself is another Pooh Bah, his "Six Little Wives" are the legitimate successors of "Ten Little Niggers," the song of "The Giddy Butterfly," so delightfully sung by Miss Tempest, will recall "The Gay Tom-Tit," the comic Chinese servant may have stepped bodily out of *The Geisha*, while Mr. Jones's livelier music is also to a certain extent influenced by the style of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Nevertheless, the piece is an excellent example of its class, void of offence and even refined; a capital after-dinner entertainment, the excessive abundance of which only needs to be reduced to make it as effective and, it is hoped, as popular as *The Geisha* itself.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Dr. Richter started his autumn concerts at Queen's Hall on Monday, when he repeated Elgar's "Variations," which he produced last season, directed a magnificent performance of Tschaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," and likewise produced, for the first time, the Pianoforte Concerto with which young Dohnányi carried off the laurels at the recent competition at Buda Pesth.

Señor Sarasate made his first appearance this season in London

at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The fog no doubt drove away many of his admirers, but those who were present were enthusiastic over the great Spanish violinist's rendering of Bruch's First Violin Concerto in G Minor, and of some of his own Spanish dances. At this concert Mr. Max Bruch introduced



Last Saturday being the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, the day was celebrated on Nelson's old ship *Victory*, at Portsmouth, as usual. In addition to the wreaths of laurel that deck the ship on this day, the famous signal made at Trafalgar was for the first time repeated. It consisted of 31 flags to signal the words "England expects that every man will do his duty."

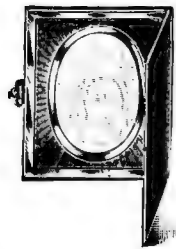
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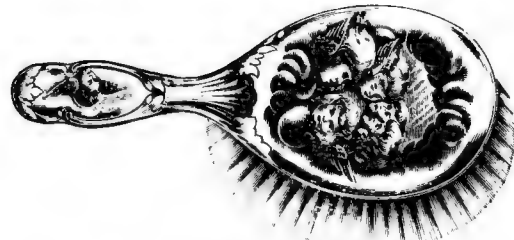
Dvorák's Symphonic Poem, "Heldenlied," an over-long but extremely effective piece for orchestra, in which the music is supposed to suggest various phases of a hero's life, including his death, which is the greatest event of all. The chief feature of the music, however, as in so many of the compositions of Dvorák's maturity, lies in the wonderful ingenuity and resource employed upon comparatively scanty thematic material.

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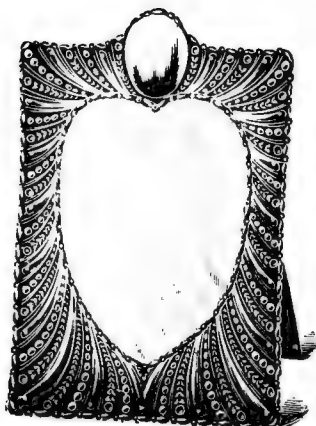
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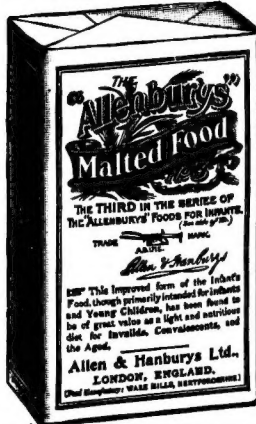
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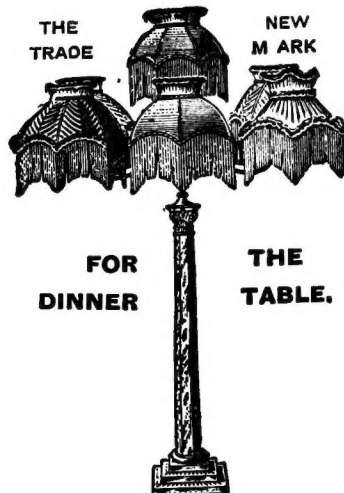
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